RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORTY-NINER

BY EDWARD McILHANY

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Recollections of a '49er.

A Quaint and Thrilling Narrative of a Trip Across the Plains, and Life in the California Gold Fields During the Stirring Days following the Discovery of Gold in the Far West

BY

EDWARD WASHINGTON McILHANY

"One of the Last of the Old Boys"

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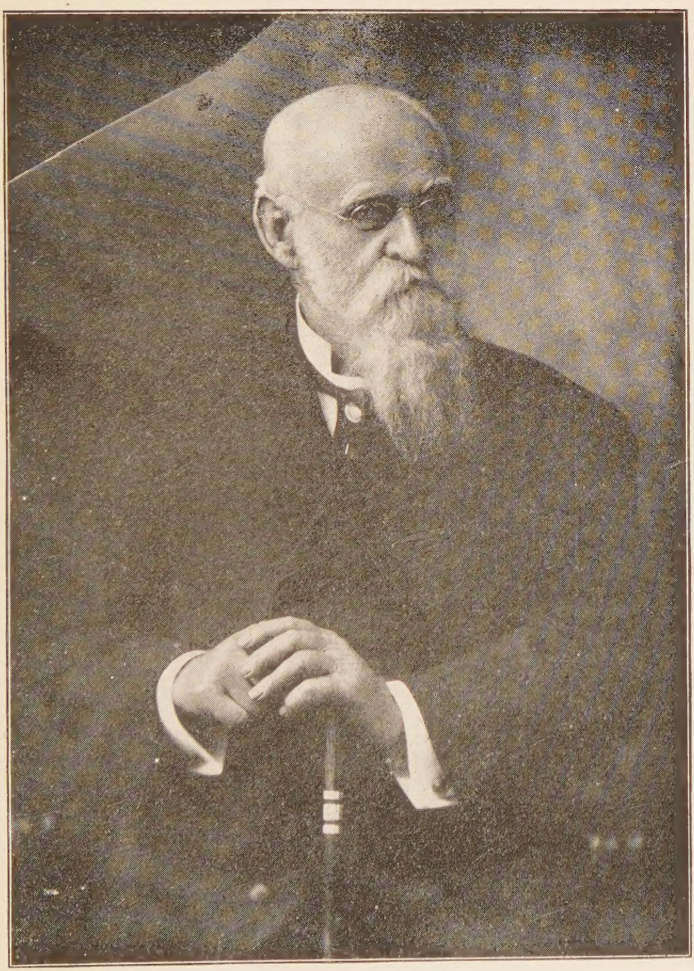
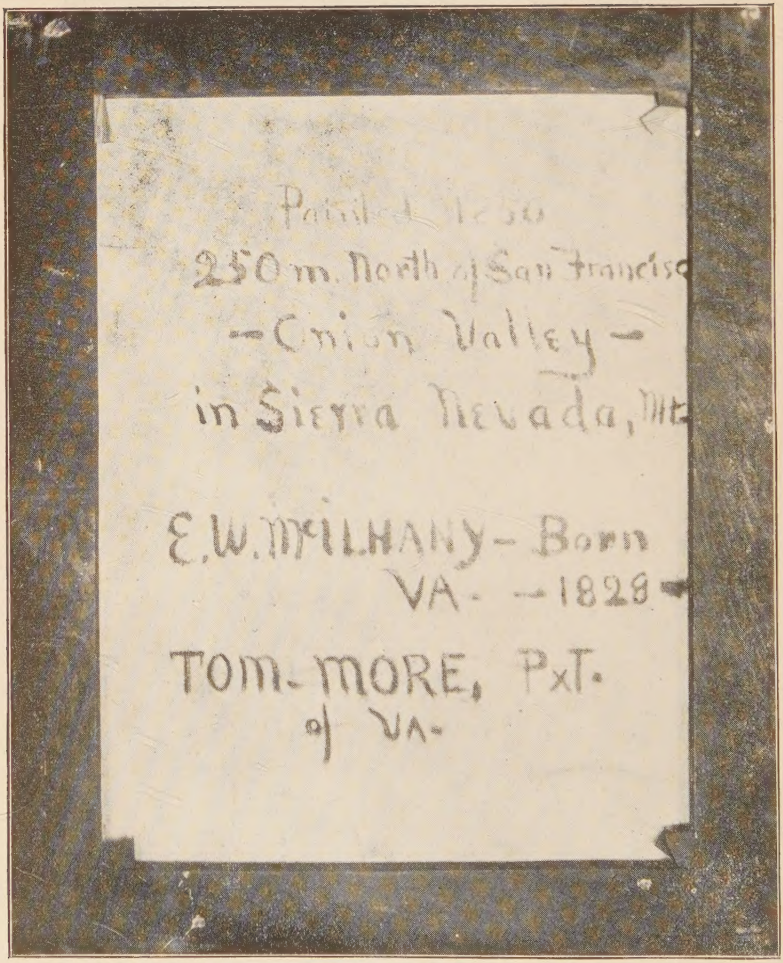


EDWARD WASHINGTON MC ILHANY


Painted in 1850
250 m. North of San Francisco
-Onion Valley-
in Sierra Nevada, Mts
E.W. McILHANY - Born
VA. - 1828
TOM-MORE, PxT.
of VA.

E.W. McILHANY. 49er

PREFACE.

Such a work as Edward McIlhany's is most valuable because it gives an insight into the life and struggles of the "Days of '49" that the ordinary history, embellished as it may be, must needs lack. In preparing Mr. McIlhany's "Recollections" for the press little has been changed from the original manuscript. To have interrupted the course of his narrative by interjecting anything that would tend to spoil the naturalness of the simple, quaint style would surely have been little less than a literary felony.

F. H. E.

Recollections of a '49er

CHAPTER I.

At the age of 20, the great discovery of gold in California fired my heart with ambition to see the wild, wild west, and as Horace Greely advised, "Go west young man, go west and grow up with the country." One motive which caused this desire, was disappointment in my first love affair, and I wanted to get far, far away, and try to forget. I welcomed the lines of the poet,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Hearing of a company being formed in Charleston, Jefferson County, Virginia, ten miles west of Harper's Ferry, the place where John Brown made his raid to free the slaves, I realized that here was the opportunity.

The company that was formed to start to California March 3rd, '49. There were three men from my neighborhood that had joined this company, and one of these men, Ed Hooper, was going to Charleston to pay his dues, so I went with him to try to join the

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same party. We rode horseback, and forded the Shenandoah River. He rode a large horse, mine was small, and about half way across, my horse commenced swimming, and swam to shore. I was soaking wet from head to foot but happy in the thought that my hopes might soon be realized. Hooper made fun of me but said, "Mc, you have nerve enough to make a good one across the plains." We reached Charleston by night and stopping at a hotel, ate a hearty supper as you can imagine. There were about fifty guests at the hotel, most of whom had come to try to join the company. They asked how I came to be so wet. I told them I had swum the river in my anxiety to join the company. They were amused and remarked, "You've got nerve," and said also, "We are here for the purpose of joining the company. We fear, however, we are too late, as we have been informed the quota of seventy-five is full." My heart fell.

These men were mostly farmers and mechanics with a few lawyers whose limited practice bespoke a change. The company was desirous of having strong, able bodied men, who could endure the hardships of such an adventure, without shrinking. The company was thoroughly organized, and during the conversation that night, they decided to hold a meeting next morning to see if they could increase the number. The meeting was held and voted to increase it only five more, which made it eighty men. The company was then complete.

Forty of these applicants were made to stand in a row to be examined physically, and I fortunately was the fifth and last one, to be taken on, which naturally gave me great joy. I then went to the secretary and

gave him the $300.00 required to become a member of the company, which was called the Charleston, Jefferson County, Virginia, Mining Company. Each member was given a rubber sack with the company's mark on it, to use in carrying his clothing. The 3rd of March, 1849, a day never to be forgotten, was the date set for our departure. I returned to my home, reached there as the family were eating supper and threw my sack on the floor remarking that I was a member of the company destined to cross the plains to California.

Still bouyant with hope and anticipation the date for starting came and I bade a sad farewell to my family and reached Charleston in time to join my company on March 3rd. There were hundreds of our friends to bid us good-bye. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and even old family darkies —all with tears in their eyes for they knew not our way.

Although it was March, generally a stormy month, that day was calm and beautiful. Still we were sad at the thought that perhaps we might never see our loved ones again.

A special train was to bear us to Harper's Ferry. The baggage was put aboard. The engine was quietly puffing with steam up. The bell rang, the conductor called, "All aboard," then the parting, a tragic scene such as I want never to witness again.

We reached Harper's Ferry at noon. Then we took the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Cumberland, Md., the terminus of the road at that time. Father met me at Harper's Ferry, with tears in his eyes, the first I ever saw him shed. He said, "My son, here is

a hymn book and a bible from your mother and myself. I would rather give you $1,000.00 than to have you leave me today," but I replied, "Father, it is for the best."

CHAPTER II.

Cumberland, Md., is situated at the base of the Allegheny Mountains. Our company occupied all of one hotel. We were all tired and hungry and thought we could eat the hotel out, but we failed to do so as they gave us an abundance to eat. Hooper and I occupied a room together. We were up early in the morning, the first down stairs. I had always been an early riser from a boy. The clerk remarked, "You are up early." I said, "Yes, I guess it is time they were all up." He said, "If you want to wake the men, I will show you how to do it." I told him I wouldn't climb the long stairs, and there was no elevator those days. He took me into a little room back of the office, and said, "Here are pipes that carry a sound to every room in the house." He gave me a gong and told me to beat on it and that would carry the sound to each room. I commenced beating it with a vim, and very soon the boys came rolling out, not knowing what to make of the awful din. Some thought it was a cyclone. I met them at the stairs as they came down, and I was enjoying the laugh at their expense.

One remarked, "Mac., I see you have commenced your tricks, and I guess you will keep us laughing clear through to California."

We had to cross the Allegheny Mountains in stage coaches, and we chartered nine and there were nine passengers in my coach. Our coach took the lead. In crossing the mountains the driver would stop to water his horses, make a change of teams, and refresh himself. He was very fond of his "toddy" and as his drinks cost him but six and one-quarter cents each he figured that he could take them frequently. It was a fine road, wide and in ascending there were precipices three hundred feet deep on each side. The driver feeling pretty good, went down the mountain fast and seldom put the brake on. One of the boys in the coach had crossed the mountains before and seemed to be alarmed, fearing the upsetting of the coach. Finally we reached the top and it was a glorious sight that stretched before us—the beautiful valley slumbered in its dreams of what was to come.

List of members of the company of pioneers which was composed of men principally from Jefferson County, West Virginia, March, 1849.

OFFICERS.

President, B. F. Washington.
First Commander, Robert H. Keeling.
Second Commander, Smith Crane.
Third, Joseph E. N. Lewis.
Treasurer, E. M. Aisquith.
Quarter Master, Nar Seevers.
Secretary, J. Harrison Kelly.
Surgeon, Dr. Wake Brayrly, Baltimore.

MEMBERS.

Daniel Cockrell
Thornton C. Bradley
John H. Murphy
James H. Moore
Joseph Engle
Edwin A. Riely
James McCurdy
J. T. Humphrey
John Moore, Jr.
Walter J. Burrell
G. W. Comegys
L. F. Washington
John W. Gallaher
Thomas Washington
Charles Hayden
Ham C. Harrison
Charles S. Slagle
John L. Boley
Jacob Bender
John C. Walpert
Jacob H. Engle
Morgan Miller
H. H. Moore
Andrew Wagner
Ben Hoffman
Samuel Davidson
Elisha Rohrer
John Purcell
P. B. Showman
F. W. Duke
Jesse A. Strider
John T. Roland
Newt Tavenner
Acy Clevenger
Milton Ferill
James Davidson
John H. Garnhart
Thomas C. Moore
John S. Showers
Vincent E. Gieger
Jos. C. Davis
Daniel Fagan
A. J. Marmaduke
Andrew R. Miller
Enos Daugherty
Elisha Locke
Charles Cunningham
George Cunningham
James Cunningham
James R. Allen
Charles C. Thomas
G. C. Stonebreaker
Saliaferro Milton
John W. Bowers
Joseph C. Young
Edward Hooper
Ben F. Seevers
William H. Mackaran
William Rissler
John M. Lupton
Frances R. Simpson
R. M. Breakmore
Hugh Conway
Dr. J. D. Humphreys
James S. Cribs
Charles F. Gittings
Richard Barley
Edward W. McIlhany

Most of these men were from Jefferson County, Virginia.

We had a lively ride down the mountain, reaching Brownsville on the Ohio River by sundown, an hour in advance of the other coaches. Later all the coaches arrived and supper, having been ordered in advance, was about ready when they came upon the scene. Of course it was a mighty hungry set of men. We spent the night in talking of our trip over the mountains. The scenery was very beautiful. Notwithstanding the fact that our driver drove so rapidly we enjoyed both scenery and the ride. The next morning there was a steamer landed at Brownsville, on the Ohio River, bound for St. Louis. We took passage on that boat and ran into another company on their way to California. There was a band on the boat and we enjoyed the music going down the river, especially so when night came, the negro deck hands sang old plantation songs. We reached Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, where it enters the Mississippi, and we finally arrived at St. Louis in safety. At that time St. Louis was a small town settled by the old settlers, mostly French. There we bought our supplies. Previous to our start from Virginia a committee went to Baltimore and purchased $10,000.00 worth of provisions which were shipped around Cape Horn to San Francisco, for we feared we could not get any when we reached our destination. None of us knew the country through which we were to pass. The committee in Baltimore also purchased eighty double barreled shot guns, bought seventy-seven of one kind and three fine ones that cost $40.00 each. We drew for these guns and I was fortunate enough to get one of the $40.00 ones. In those days percussion caps were

used, and there were no breech loaders. After making our supplies at St. Louis, we went up the Missouri River to St. Joseph. There were no railroads in those days and the rivers were lined with boats. There were generally a good many people at every landing, but on either side of the river was a wilderness. The scenery along the river bluffs was very pretty, and occasional small groups of Indians would come to see the boats pass. When we passed Kansas City it was called Westport landing, there was no city at that time. It was merely the wharf where the goods were landed and hauled to Westport, the northern terminus of the old Santa Fe trail across the plains. Passing Wyandotte, Leavenworth, and other small towns we reached St. Joseph, and there we bought over a hundred mules and some horses. We had sixteen wagons in our train and two large wagon beds made of sheet iron and shaped like boats. These were made for ferrying rivers when needed, and were to be cut up when we reached California to make rockers and tongs to wash the gold. We also bought a small cannon to protect us from the Indians in case we needed one. We camped in the bottom at St. Joseph and had a large corral where we kept our mules. John Moore was head teamster and he appointed a head teamster for each wagon. These leaders then drew men from the company to go with each teamster. I was appointed one of the head teamsters and picked a sturdy crew of seven. All the mules were wild and unbroken, and we were in St. Joseph nearly a month getting acquainted with our mules. We first put four to a wagon to break them and nearly every day some team would run off and cause an upset. Generally but little damage was done. Finally we decided that the mules were broken enough

and our outfit was ferried across the river. Moore, the leader, told us all to hitch up the best we could and to get out of the bottom on the prairie for camp. He went first. We had to lash our mules to the hind wheel for some time to get them gentle enough to put the harness on. It was a very hot day and I was working hard with my team to hitch up and get off, when suddenly I was taken with the cholera. Cholera was bad in '49 all along the river. The doctor had gone on to camp. One of my boys went after him and brought him back. In two hours he had me so that they could haul me to camp. The first man that we lost was Tom Washington, who died from the cholera on the Missouri, before the doctor could get to him. That night, our first camp out, another man in my mess was taken with the cholera but he was saved. Before we left the bottom lands a steamboat landed and buried five who had died with the disease. In getting to our first camp from the bottoms, we had very large timber to go through for several miles. The next day was the 4th day of May. It was calm and beautiful. The grass was waving, the trees were budding, and the birds were singing. The rolling prairie which stretched before us was very beautiful, and there were some trees on the little stream where we camped. In the forks of some of the trees the Indians had buried their dead. This was a very common practise with them at that time. Some of the company suggested that we go no farther but start a colony and settle that beautiful country, and the married ones would return to Virginia for their families. But that suggestion was opposed by the majority of the company and they all commenced singing, "California, that's the land for me, I am bound for California with

a wash bowl on my knee." Moore had the wagons all numbered, mine was number 7, and he gave orders that each one was to fall into line by numbers. We drove with check lines but had a saddle on the near mule. Taking the Fort Kearney trail we soon began to see Indians, antelope and buffalo. We finally reached South Platte River which crossing at the point entered is now called Fremont. We did not have to use our wagon boats to ferry the river but the quick-sand was bad and we had to drive rapidly to keep the wagons from sinking. Crossing safely we struck out then across the prairie for North Platte. There were few outfits for California ahead of us, and the trail was difficult for us to follow. We had a guide that had crossed the plains once to Salt Lake and we paid him a salary to lead us as far as he knew. The antelope were not wild at that time and our boys would leave the wagons and hunt for an opportunity to kill one. Frequently he brought them into camp and we found them very delicious eating. Our trip from the South Platte to the North Platte was not very exciting, each day being about the same. Finally we reached the North Platte and found that this stream was more rapid than the other. Our head teamster and the guide examined the crossing and they concluded that we could ford the river without using the boats. We put ten mules to a wagon. It was quite a tedious and tiresome task but we finally got the last wagon over and landed safely on the other side. I was standing on the bank when a man came up horseback and went into the river some distance above us, the horse commenced swimming and I saw the man fall from his horse. He caught the horse by the tail and swam awhile but finally disappeared from sight and was never again

seen. The horse got out safely. We camped on that side of the river after crossing and made fires to dry our clothing. Our quartermaster issued rations to each mess as they needed them. We had a barrel of good whiskey. That was issued for medicine and for an occasion where it was needed. The doctor ordered rations of whiskey given to the men to keep them from getting sick or catching cold. Some were used to drinking whiskey and others never drank a drop. Those who drank whiskey were very glad when they found that it was to be issued in rations, and those who did not drink frequently gave their rations to the others. We usually spent our nights very pleasantly talking of the day's journey and wondering of what would come next day. We had many good story tellers and singers. Many hours were spent in that way. Starting again we found our road over rolling prairie about the same as we had come over, seeing every day more or less game and Indians. The farther west we went, the more Indians we saw, and more plentiful the game. Every now and then we would strike the river, and one day we passed the noted Chimney rock. That was a very popular place on the trail. One day we came to a small stream and one of the boys had shot at an antelope and missed him. The antelope ran to the train very much frightened and dashed along by the side of the wagons. The men couldn't shoot for fear of hitting one of the party and so they struck at the frightened animal with their whips. Finally he made a big jump and went over the fifth chain between the lead mules. The boys yelled and the antelope got away. That was the last of him. It was quite an exciting incident and was great sport. We arrived at Ash Hollow which was later noted for some Indian bat-

tles fought there. We traveled down Ash Hollow and came to a stream called Thomases Fork. The stream was from 75 to 100 yards wide and deep, but run very slow. The train had to go up the stream two miles to find a crossing. They then came down on the opposite side and some of the boys concluded they wouldn't follow the wagon all the way around, as they saw the road come down on the opposite side close to the bank. Three of them concluded that they would swim the stream, the third man was young, 17 years old, by the name of Milton, one of the youngest and best men in the company. The other two went to swim across and Milton said to them: "Boys if I sink why you must catch me." They swam across and Milton started in and made a few strokes at swimming and he called out, "Boys catch me, I'm sinking." They swam back to him and in trying to save him, he came near drowning the other two men. Finally Milton sank and was drowned. A few minutes afterwards the train came along and all were told what had happened. We stopped and, taking lines and hooks, began the search for the body. In about an hour it was found. We buried the boy there on the plains.

CHAPTER III.

Two boards were taken from the wagon, one placed at his feet and one at his head, and on it marked his name. Nearly every day we saw graves on the road. At each place there was a path running out diagonally from the trail. It was made by people going out to see who was buried there, and then another diagonal path came out to the road further on. After a few days' travel we came into the territory of the Commanche and the Utes. We would see parties of them at a distance. They would watch us very closely, but seemed afraid to come up. Occasionally some would come to camp to be friendly, and to get something to eat, and we would buy deerskins and moccasins from them. Almost every day we would see more trains going across the prairie. It was amusing to see the different outfits. Sometimes we would see a two-wheel cart with a yoke of oxen hitched to it. Sometimes a two-wheel cart with shafts with, maybe, one mule or one ox hitched to it. When the emigrants would find a man had lost his property and got into trouble they would most always help him out and give him a lift to get along. We had a good deal of sand to go through in places and it was hard pulling.

The mules seemed to tire and were getting thin, so we concluded to lighten up our load. We did so by cutting a foot off of each wagon, except the sheet iron ones. We thought we had a surplus amount of provisions to take us through, knowing that we would

have plenty when we go out there. We couldn't sell our surplus, as we thought, and we piled it up on the roadside, good provisions, flour, bacon and other things, leaving it for the Indians, coyotes or the emigrants who needed provisions. We found that it helped our mules very much, and that we made better time. We would see sometimes as many as three hundred wagons in a string, different companies, and when you once got into line you had to stay there all day; no chance to get out; the dust often was fearful, and we would get up earlier to see if we could not get the lead, and get into camp first, and to keep out of the dust. Moore found out that some of the teams were ready to start much earlier than others, and he finally gave orders, regardless of numbers, the first team that got ready was to fall into line next to him. He always took the lead. When camp was found Moore would drive his team up to the place and he would stop, and others would follow suit as they came up, and made a round corral to hold the mules in the night. Soon as camp was made, the mules were turned loose and we commenced putting up tents and gathering wood for the cooking, which was done at the rear of the wagon. We had a guard out every night. Each served his turn in alphabetical order. One night we were camped in a very pretty place on the plains. It was a moonlight night. The mules were on fine grass, not far from the camp. Some time in the early part of the night, when most of the men had retired, the mules made a rush in a stampede for the camp, which they always did when there was danger. We all ran out of the tents and the air and sky was filled with thousands and millions of bugs, falling into and around the camp, covering the ground entirely. That great swarm of bugs lasted for

some time. The guards came running into the camp with their guns and said the bugs had stampeded the mules. A good many were very much frightened, wondering what in the world caused such a miracle. One man by the name of Locke ran to the tent, kneeled and commenced praying.

There was a great deal of excitement in camp during the fall of the bugs; finally it was all over and they disappeared, not knowing where they went.

We finally reached Green River, which is in Utah. A large, beautiful valley and pretty stream. There we first used our iron boats in crossing a stream. We placed everything in the boats, except the mules and horses, and they swam the river. There we made our camp. The next day was the Fourth of July, and there were a great many emigrants there resting. Up and down the stream they were camped about, three thousand strong. We rested all that day, engaged in cooking, sewing and washing. Tom Moore, from Harper's Ferry, Virginia, was selected as orator of the day. He stood on a large stump and had an Indian pole in his left hand to steady himself with. He had his right one free to make gestures with. Being the Fourth of July, our quartermaster issued whisky rations. Some had more or less, and some didn't have any. Those are the ones that didn't drink. We hadn't had our little cannon out of the wagon since we started, and we concluded that we would take it out that day and chain it to the stump. Moore felt pretty good, feeling the effects of his whisky, and every time that he would say anything patriotic would touch the little cannon off, and the echo would bellow up and down the valley. The Indians, when they heard that cannon, would not come anywhere near us. They got out of the way. Some of

the boys concluded that they would steal the cannon and throw it into the river, so that they would not haul it any further. Others found out what they were up to and blocked their game, putting the little cannon back in the wagon. There were many there that never had seen or heard of a cannon before, and they were very much interested in the proceedings that day. It was a day that we all enjoyed very much. Although extremely anxious to get to the promised land of gold, nevertheless we always enjoyed a rest. We never traveled on Sunday, except part of one Sunday, when grass was very scarce where we camped Saturday night. The next morning we hooked up and found grass about 10 o'clock, and camped for the rest of the day. Sunday was our day for cooking beans and eating pickles. We never ate pickles except on Sunday.

After the Fourth we started from Green River and in our journey we soon struck Humbolt river. A large, beautiful stream. We followed down that stream until we came to where it sunk out of sight. From that point the trail struck across the great Humbolt desert. We camped there to rest our mules, to cut hay, and fill our kegs with water to cross the desert. It was a wide pretty valley with fine grass. The mules were turned loose to graze, and a young man by the name of Joe Davis, and myself, were put on guard. It was a very hot day. Near where we were there was a large sage bush. The mules were grazing quietly, and he and I got under this sage bush to protect our heads from the sun. We each had our double barreled shot gun. We were there quite a while talking and noticed that the mules were straying a little too far off. We got up to walk around them. Davis had his gun by the side of him, with the breech towards the bush. He took hold

of the barrel of the gun as he got up, and the hammer caught on a little twig on the bush. Down fell the percussion cap and the gun was discharged, the load going into his side just above the hip. I ran out and waved my hat; the boys were near camp, cutting hay, and filling the kegs with water. They heard the report of the gun. Quite a number of them came running to where we were. I told the boys that Joe had shot himself. They ran back to camp, got a blanket and a doctor. They returned and packed him to camp on the blanket. He lived but four hours. The doctor could do nothing to save his life.

It was a sad and distressing sight to see what had happened, but by this time, however, most of the men had schooled themselves to stand everything that happened to them on the plains. We remained in camp the next day. Joe said that he was not afraid to die, but it was so lonely to be buried way out there, and it would grieve his mother nearly to death. He had a brother with him, and he was very much distressed, indeed. He was dressed, sewed up in a blanket and placed in a deep grave. A foot and head board was put to his grave, with his name, date, age and company on it, together with the cause of his death. The burying of one of our comrades on the plains came to some of the men with a very sad and sorrowful feeling. He was the third man that we lost from the time we started up to that date.

That evening we got ready to start, and left our camp about an hour before sunset, to cross the desert in the night. We reached camp about one o'clock in the morning, at what was called the Boiling Hot Springs, about ten or fifteen feet across and some five or six feet deep, with water boiling all the time. Our

president tied a string to a piece of bacon and put it in the water and in thirty seconds it was done. There were a number of carcasses of animals strewn around the spring that were scalded by getting into the stream not knowing it was boiling hot. There were some troughs placed there to dip up water for the mules and let it cool, but the mules drank very little of it. Some of the boys made coffee out of the water, but they didn't enjoy it much. After an hour's rest we started, and just about 8 o'clock in the morning we were pulling through very heavy sand and the mules commenced throwing up their heads. They smelled water and commenced braying and pulling hard, and going much faster. About 10 o'clock we struck the great Truckey river, one of the few streams that run north. We had difficulty in holding the mules until we got the harness off of the team. They plunged into the water and many of us ran ino the stream with our clothes on, not even taking time to take them off, as it was very hot indeed. We drank the water and enjoyed the plunge and the sun soon dried our clothing without any ill effects to us.

We crossed the river twenty-seven different times as we traveled up the valley. We found little valleys where there was grass for our mules, as we approached the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains. One night we camped three miles from them. There was a small valley of good grass with a small stream running through it, and we turned the mules in to graze. There were camp fires all around us on the slopes of the mountains, made by Indians. That night I was on the last guard. We kept a very close watch for Indians that night, fearing that they might steal some of our mules or might throw an arrow into us. When the

morning came we drove the herd of mules to camp and on looking over the herd we found that three were missing. The captain told me that I had to go and find them. He said the train would move on, but that I could soon overtake them.

After the train started, I went back to look for the mules. I kept one eye looking for the mules and the other for Indians. One eye found the mules pretty soon, but the other never found any Indians. I gave a yell at them and they soon ran towards the camp and I struck the trail. I hooked the mules up and soon found the train. They were stopped at the cabins at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains where the Donovan party perished in '46. There were several cabins. The roofs had rotted and fallen in and the stumps were twenty feet high where they stood on the snow to get wood to make a fire to keep them from freezing. The ground was covered with human bones, still there. Most of the party perished in these cabins and but few got through to California on snow shoes. The news was given out of the perishing of the Donovan party, and some men started back with packs on their backs, of provisions, hoping to find some yet alive. They found a few that had given out and were camped in the snow. One woman was found with a child in her arms, both alive. She said that all there were left in the cabins were dead when she left and the last they had to eat was parched leather and a portion of some buffalo robes that they had. This woman with the child had secured a little corn meal and had hid it, hoping that she would eventually save the child, which she did, until the return party from California saved her.

After the company had taken notes of everything

that was interesting in this great disaster, we were indeed ready to leave the place. It was several miles to the top of the mountain, over a steep and rough road. Ten mules were hitched to each wagon to pull to the top of the mountain. After a few hours of tedious and hard work, the wagons were landed at the top. An examination of the situation showed that there was no wagon road. The mules were unhitched from the wagons, taken some distance to a path that led down the mountain, and in single file were all led to the bottom. We succeeded in landing the wagons where we could again hitch up the mules by attaching a large, long rope to the hind axle trees and wrapping it about a large pine tree which was some two and a half feet through. The wagon was then steadied by the men, the rope slacked by degrees, until the bottom was reached. Others ahead of us had accomplished the same feat with their wagons, having used a rope on the tree so much that a groove six or eight inches deep had been cut. Finally all the wagons were landed safely. By that time it was near sundown, and we hurriedly hitched up all the mules. The road descending was not as steep and as rough as it was in going up, so about dark we succeeded in finding good camp, water, wood and grass in abundance for the mules. One of the boys belonging to my mess went in advance of the train with his gun. He was fortunate in killing a fine buck, which he took into camp. All in the company were delighted at having some fresh venison for supper. All were tired and hungry, so the cooks went rapidly to work. The meat was divided among the company. The man who killed the buck remarked: "Boys I am going to roast the kidneys for my supper," which he did. Everyone enjoyed the ven-

ison, but we could not help joking him for selecting what he thought the choice part of the deer. Notwithstanding the great treat we were tired with the day's work. We sat up quite late, some of us talking of the events of the day, the perishing of the Donovan party and others of the novelty of crossing the mountains the way we did. Finally the guards were put out, the camp was hushed in stillness, and soon all were asleep, some no doubt, dreaming of home, some of our future hopes, and some of that great day's journey. Morning came and the weather was fine; the mountain air was fresh and all enjoyed it so much. In winding our way up the Truckey river, we finally reached the great Carson valley, now in the State of Nevada. Millions of dollars were made in Virginia City, which I had the pleasure of visiting, in after years. After resting in that pretty valley, we started up the river and passed through where now is Reno, on the Southern Pacific railroad, quite a noted place. We traveled up the Truckey river some distance, the river getting very small and the canon quite narrow and here the trail became dim. We struck out across the low spurs of the Sierra Nevada mountains for the Sacramento valley. We passed along in places where now are forty miles of snow-sheds on the Southern Pacific railroad. There was no grass in the mountains and canons. We had to cut down trees for the mules to get food from the leaves and bark. Part of the men would take their axes as soon as they got in camp and would commence felling the trees. Others freeing the mules from their harness. The mules would run immediately to the trees and commence stripping them of their bark ravenously. We had to do this so often that as soon as the mules

would hear the sound of the ax they knew what was coming, and they commenced braying for their food all through the herd. Sometimes the hills were so steep that we would cut down trees, about a foot through, and lash them to the hind axle-tree to steady the wagons down the hill, instead of the wheels being locked. After traveling this way for some days, the hills commenced getting smaller and we were approaching, what we believed to be, Sacramento valley. It was clear and we could see many miles in the distance, with no mountains to interrupt. There was a feeling of great joy and anticipation among the men at that time, that we would soon arrive at the end of our journey. We found, after reaching the plains, good grass and good camp. One night the news went through camp the next day we would cross into Sacramento valley. The anxiety was so great that the camp was up early and all were hitching up, and it seemed as if every man was for himself, to get started. My team was all hitched to the wagon and the boys said, already, to start. There was a skillet of bread on the fire cooking, and it was not done. I knocked the coals off of the lid, grabbed the skillet by the handle and set it on the lid of the mess box, which was down, put the lid on and kept it there until the bread was cooked. Some of my mess laughed at me, but I told them that I did not intend to lose that fine skillet of bread, which we enjoyed eating afterwards. I have failed to mention something that occurred farther back, that was quite amusing and interesting. We had six mules to each wagon, and had been using check lines. There were too many lines to handle and they were a great bother. One day I told the boys that if they could find a stick about four and a half or five feet

long and about an inch or an inch and a half through, to cut me one. They brought me one and I put it on the lead mules for a jockey stick to keep one off mule from crowding the leader. I put on a single line, fastened it to the leader, and sat on the wheel mule to drive, having reserved the other lines in case we needed them. The boys remarked that they thought I would not succeed with a single line. They were mistaken. The single line acted like a charm. So much so that it went all through the camp to the different drivers of the train, that McIlhany was driving his team with a single line. I was so successful that as fast as they could possibly make the arrangements, the whole train was driving with a single line. One day the trail led through a beautiful valley. I was driving my team, and I came across a live black dog on the road. I called to one of the boys, "Take the line." I went to the dog and found it a very handsome, well bred setter. I examined it and found it had one very sore foot. Calling to the boys to stop I took the dog and put it in the wagon, and jumped in with it. Having the wagon cover sheet on, I could only see out in the front and rear of the wagon. The dog was suffering, seemed to be in pain, and was whining, making quite a noise. I tried to quiet it but failed. The driver halloed to me and said, "Mac, that dog is scaring the mules." Almost immediately after his remark to me the team ran away. My team scared others, and finally there were seven teams running away at one time, one team scaring the other. I threw the dog immediately out of the wagon. The mule the driver was riding commenced bucking and threw him off. He held on to the wagon tongue and worked his way back finally, by holding on to the running gear, to the hind axle tree. He then

let loose and fell to the ground, the hind wheel running over his long hair; a narrow escape from crushing his skull. In the meantime the men were scattered afoot and some on horseback, trying to stop the runaway teams. The line from my team had fallen to the ground when the driver was thrown off and it commenced wrapping around the near mule's leg, and making the line shorter, it drew the team around in a circle, and they were soon caught and stopped. Finally, all the teams were stopped, without any serious accident, but quite amusing to the company, some saying, "McIlhany's love for dogs gave a little excitement for a while." Being fond of dogs, I was sorry to leave that pretty one on the plains to suffer, and also that I could not take it through to California.

CHAPTER IV.

But to return to the day we entered Sacramento valley. We soon crossed the line. There was great rejoicing, waving of hats and shouting. It was indeed a beautiful and a lovely place. We finally reached, what was then, Johnson's ranch, forty miles from Sacramento City. That was the first day of October. Having left Virginia the third day of March, St. Joseph, on the Missouri river, the fourth day of May, we now arrived at Johnson's ranch in the Sacramento valley, the first day of October. We camped there for a month, during which time one sick man that we had with us, died of what was called galloping consumption. He was a strong, hearty man when we left Virginia. He was the fourth of our number that was left on the plains from the time we started till the time we reached camp. We were fortunate enough not to lose a single mule or horse, either dead, strayed or stolen. The mules were quite thin, but soon recovered from their long, tiresome journey and in a month were fat, the grass being bountiful, luxuriant and of a fattening quality to stock. There were herds, consisting of thousands of cattle and horses, in California, especially in Sacramento valley.

These animals were owned mostly by the old settlers and land holders of territory such as Nigh, Covio, Neal, Major Bidwell, and Sutter, who owned the land where the first discovery of gold, was made by Marshall in '48. Sutter's possession at that time

in mining land, stock, and large grants, was the richest in California and but few in America at that time, were wealthier. He afterwards died in the East in poverty, having lost his property by grafters and by designing settlers of the early emigrations to California. While remaining in camp we were discussing the questions of dissolving the company, and dividing the property, and making arrangements to go to the mines. We would go to Sacramento City, which was a small town then, at different times, situated in the valley on the Sacremento river. The emigrants pouring in rapidly by thousands and thousands, both by land and water, the country was fast settling up, towns springing up like mushrooms in the night and growing rapidly. Sacramento during the month that we were in camp, grew to be quite a city, and was receiving a great many supplies from San Francisco where they were landed from ships. We landed in our California camp with plenty of provisions left and without suffering during our long journey.

Our quartermaster took a trip to San Francisco and found that our $10,000.00 worth of provisions shipped from Baltimore, had arrived. The men did not wish to wait to have the provisions shipped up to Sacramento City, so anxious they were to get to the mines. Our quartermaster made a proposition to buy these provisions and did so. We then formed a committee to divide the property that we had on hand. The mules were divided among the company, each one taking his share, if they so desired and the mules that were not taken were sold in Sacramento as were also wagons that were not wanted and were divided among the company. I was one of that committee on disposition and we sold our little cannon

after hauling it that long journey, in Sacramento City, for one dollar. Finally everything was disposed of and all was settled satisfactorily with the company. In that valley about our camp, the coyotes were there by the thousands and also plenty of antelope. The coyote is an innocent animal but the cutest and biggest rogue, I believe, of any wild animal that exists. One moonlight night in our camp, when all was quiet and still, there was an alarm given by one of the boys, who gave out a tremendous scream. The camp was aroused immediately, and in ascertaining the cause of the alarm, one of the boys said, "I awoke, opened my eyes and I saw something looking right into my face. I yelled and jumped and found it was nothing but a coyote." No doubt the coyote had found his way quietly sneaking into camp with intention of stealing something to eat. The men in leaving the company and the camp, went out in very small squads. My mess to work together, consisted of 9 men, 6 mules and a wagon, with mining tools, etc. Some men went off afoot with just a pack on their backs, some went by two's, three's, four's, etc. Our crowd was the largest number that left. We started up Sacramento river. Our company by remaining in camp so long, and visiting Sacramento City, got all the information about other mines, where they were located and how to get to them. We traveled up Sacramento valley along the river. Our destination being Shasta, 200 miles west and north of where we were. In going up the valley, there were droves of cattle and herds of fine horses all very fat and sleek. We found out that it was a common thing, when a person wanted some fresh meat, to kill it from these herds of cattle. They would pick out a young heifer, kill it, and picking out the

choice parts would leave the balance for the coyotes and wolves, and the owners said nothing about it. Indeed, thousands of them had no brand on at all. One day we saw quite a herd of cattle near the river and a number of large wild elk were grazing with them, it was a pretty sight. Some of these elk had horns 6 feet long and very wide. We did not try to kill one, as we had plenty of fresh meat. At that time San Francisco was settling up very rapidly. Along the coast there was rolling hills upon which great quantities of wild oats were growing luxuriantly, also much fine grass. Cattle branded and unbranded, were grazing on these hills. Fresh meat at that time, in the cities and on the market was scarce. Some men would take boats and barges and go to these grazing grounds and camp and would kill hundreds of these fat cattle at different times. Would ship the beeves to San Francisco and sell the meat from 50 to 75 cents per pound. This work of theirs was not interfered with until they had time to become rich. Those days, it seemed like that almost everything was free, people were generous and opened hearted. A miner or a traveling man never left a camp hungry, or refused a meal. The string on the latch of the cabin door, was always hanging on the ouside. Finally we reached a point where since has sprung up the city of Marysville, in Uba county. It was situated on the Uba river a short distance from the point where it enters into the Sacramento river. Marysville was 40 miles north of Sacramento City. We camped there. At that time there was but one lonely house built of adobe. This house and property was owned by William Nye, one of the Donovan party that succeeded in escaping to California on snow shoes. From Marysville we crossed the Sacramento river and

traveled up on the south bank. We found plenty of game, cattle and horses, and a number of Indians, called the Diggers, a tribe that was not hostile. In the Sacramento river were quantities of salmon. Some of them being very large. The Indians had great camps and strings of fish drying to put away for their living. Our little party enjoyed many a nice fry from these rich fish. We finally reached Sam Neal's ranch, a very beautiful place, near the river just 100 miles west of Marysville. We camped there several days, and were treated with greatest kindness and hospitality by Mr. Neal. He gave us a description of the mines and the early settling of the country. He had a great many fine horses, one of which he had for his lassoing horse, he valued at $1,000.00. This horse was well trained for lassoing purposes. Mr. Neal was fond of hunting and frequently had some exciting bear hunts. He told us a bear hunt experience he had. During a hunt he became separated from the rest of his party. All of a sudden as he rode into a little valley where the bushes were quite thick in places and he came across a large grizzly bear. As soon as the bear saw him, he sat up. He said his first impulse was to lasso the brute and choke him to death. He immediately threw his lasso over the bear's head. The horse set his front feet very firm in the ground and tightened the rope, and almost immediately, the bear took hold of the lasso in his front paws and commenced pulling on it. That loosened it around his throat. The lasso was very strong. Made of green rawhide, then dried and was kept supple by oiling and greasing it. Mr. Neal saw that by the bear holding on to the rope, that he was coming closer to him and would finally reach him. He was afraid to shoot him, fearing that

he would cripple him. He whipped out his bowie knife, cut the lasso, spoke to his horse, and left hurriedly. The bear followed him, but his horse being very fleet and well trained, soon left him behind. He did not know where the other parties were and returned home. He told what happened to him and they concluded to go the next day and see if they could not find the bear and kill it. They started out the next day and succeeded in finding the bear with the lasso still around his neck and they killed him. We were very much interested in his description of the incident. He took us back of his ranch house and showed us two young black bears that were chained, he was trying to raise for pets. All of these big landholders and ranchers had a great many Indians around them that worked at different times. The boys were good riders and were very fond of riding wild horses. They would sometimes take a boy and put him on an unbroken horse bareback, tying him fast with a rope to each foot under the horse's belly, get a bridle on the horse, give the reins to the boy, let the horse loose and away he went as fast as he could possibly run. The horse would run, being pretty surefooted, until he finally became exhausted, could run no more. The boy enjoying the ride without accident. Would finally work with the horse until he got him back to the ranch. By that time after his day's run he was broken well enough to handle without much trouble afterwards. Neal said that other boys would sometimes cry because they did not have a horse to ride, and enjoyed the fun. We thought it a brave trick for them to do. We enjoyed his stories, the information that we obtained and the hospitality which he accorded us. When we left he gave us an invitation to call on him

if we ever returned. We started on up the river and finally reached Major Bidwell's ranch, one of the finest ranches in California. We found him a very intelligent, hospitable and a fine looking man. We remained at his ranch several days also, gaining a great deal of information, Bidwell giving us an account of his mining first in '48 at a mining camp called Bidwell's Bar, named after him, as he had discovered the camp. That was on Feather river that emptied into the Sacramento river. He told us that he thought we would be disappointed in the mines, but as we had started we would not be satisfied until we got there, not being very far from his place and he advised us that if we were not satisfied there to go to Bidwell's Bar, as it was very rich and was not worked out. Only surface diggings. Mr. Bidwell owned thousands of acres of land gotten from a Mexican grant. He had an Indian village not far from his residence built of adobe houses, trees set out in the village and ditches through the village to carry pure water from the mountains. Trees were set out along these ditches which made the Indian village very pretty. Forty Indian men in this village worked for him in his mine by which he made a great deal of money. The Major afterwards was elected United States senator from California. We left the Major's and in a few days reached Shasta. Not a great way from what was called the great Shasta Peak. The place was quite small and the mines were not very rich, so we did not remain long, as outlook for making money was poor. Shasta City, in after years, became quite a place. I have often passed through there. We decided to return. When we camped at the Major's ranch we told him that we were not satisfied at Shasta and had de-

termined to go to his rich Bar that he discovered. We finally struck Feather river 17 miles below the Bar. We forded the river where afterwards very rich mines were discovered, now called Oreville. Going up the east bank of the river we finally reached the Bar and made camp on the hillside, about 200 yards from the river. There were quite a number camped there, mining, mostly using rockers and washing the gold dust out with pans. The diggings were very rich and there were new pockets and discoveries of gold, up and down the river for several miles. We located our mining claims, finding that the mines were rich, decided to locate for the winter. By that time it was getting late in the fall.

We leveled the ground and made us a nice winter camp and home. There were a few stores there at that time, but provisions were high. We remained a few days mining and were taking out a hundred and fifty dollars a day. The boys decided to send me with the team and another man to Marysville to buy our winter's supplies, as we had plenty of money. We struck out for Marysville, which was only 40 miles. We had learned that Marysville was settling up fast and that there was plenty provisions shipped up the river from San Francisco by steamboat. When we reached there we found quite a little city, built up in a hurry and several large stores with plenty of supplies. We loaded our wagon with all the mules could pull and started on our return trip to our winter camp. We camped one night about 15 miles of home. It was cloudy, but we did not think of rain. We cooked supper and after securing the mules for the night, laid down on our beds and went to sleep. When we awoke in the morning we found it raining in torrents. I

thought it would probably break away in a day or two, but the rain fell without ceasing for 30 days and nights. It was then the rainy season of California. We remained in that camp during the 30 days. The tent leaked, so we dug a trench around it to drain the water, but still our blankets got soaking wet. Several times we took them and wrung all the water out that was possible, and then held them before the fire. We made the best of our camp that we could during the 30 days. Finally the rain ceased, we hitched up and pulled out, our mules were very fat and strong. The ground was very soft and frequently we would stall. We would unload part of the goods, pull the wagon out, load up and start again. After a few days of very hard and tiresome work, we reached the camp. During that time the boys had made a great deal of money, averaging $150.00 a day. Some of the miners along the Bar would go up and down the stream with a pan and find small pockets of gold that were very rich in the edge of the stream. In some instances they would wash out from $100.00 to $3,000.00 in one pan full. The little pocket was cleaned out and that was the end of that find. Some of the pockets led to large pockets that took a great deal of work to get the gold out. I was taken sick with the scurvy. The doctor said it was caused from eating so much salt bacon on the plains and getting wet, brought the disease out on me. I suffered a good deal. It was a very disagreeable trouble, but I had a good bed in the camp, and the boys were very kind to me and would nurse me when it was necessary. I was sick for nearly three months. The boys were making money all the time and divided with me the same as if I had been at work. I had an old doctor that attended me, and he charged

me an ounce of gold for every visit—that was $16.00. He visited me about once a week until I commenced getting better, and then his visits ceased. I finally began to get stronger and he advised me to take all the exercise that I could as it was good for me. Told me to eat stewed dried apples, pickles and acids. We had consumed all of that kind that we had by that time. One pretty morning I felt better, got a stick, and I walked down the bank of the river not far from where all the stores were, and went to a stand kept by an old woman. I asked her if she had any dried apples to sell. She said no. She put her dried apples into pies to sell. I asked her the price of her pies and she told me two dollars. I stood there and ate the apples out and threw the crust away. I then walked down to another store and looked up on the shelves, saw some bottles of pickles, they looked good, I selected a small bottle of cucumbers. They handed me the bottle, I examined it, asked them the price, they said $8.00. It was a half pint. The pie and a half pint of pickles cost me $10.00. I returned to camp and when the boys came in from work I told them of my experience in going down to the store. They were delighted to see me out and were amused at my experience of buying fruit and pickles.

We would buy a quarter of a beef at a time and would hang it over the limb of a tree some 20 feet high and hoist it up. Even in hot days, the meat kept fresh all the time, the air being so pure. The boys would occasionally slip out on the foothills, deer being plentiful, kill one and bring it into camp, so we were never out of fresh meat, while at the Bar.

CHAPTER V.

I had about recovered my health, and it was then spring. Most of the rich places on the Bar had been worked out. Even in those days men had the feeling that they have now of getting rich quick. Miners were passing through more or less all the time and would bring reports of fabulously rich mines in different parts of the county, and some men on the Bar that had been working all winter left their diggings where they were making as much as $16.00 a day to go to these reported rich discoveries.

A short distance down the river a company was formed that succeeded in daming the river and working the bed of the stream. They were watched carefully and with much interest by other miners to see their success. Their claim was rich. One day they were cleaning up their work from the rockers and sluice boxes and they found they had taken out $60,000.00 of pure gold in one day. The gold was what was called "scale gold," thin without any quartz in it. It was in little flakes about the size of a flaxseed.

There was great excitement among the miners as a result of that day's work. Among the men there was a company formed of 40 men to look for a location to dam the river. The nine of us were in the company. We concluded to go up the river and prospect, believing that gold was washed down the river

and that we would strike a point where it was richer above than below the bar. We started up the river, climbing the bluffs and traveling on top of the ridges, keeping as close to the river as we could. Some of us would go down to the river each day and prospect, return to the camp at night to report. After traveling up the river 40 miles, we found a location, a bar on the river and concluded to make our camp, take up the claim and go to work. Everything was arranged to commence that work. We staked out a race a quarter of a mile long, 18 feet wide at the top, 12 feet at the bottom, varying in depth, deep enough to carry the water from the river. We worked at it very faithfully and hopefully, that we might succeed in taking out plenty of gold. The days were getting long and the sun was hot. I would get very tired. I concluded I would hire a man to work in my place. I did so, agreeing to give him $8.00 a day. We had to have goods packed into the camp from Bidwell's Bar, and I told the boys that I intended to go to packing instead of working there. They agreed to get me to buy the goods and pack them into the camp, using several mules that belonged to the company. When not packing goods for the company, I would pack for other miners at different points. I would make some days, from $50.00 to $100.00 per day for myself. Two men came to me one day to pack goods for them up the same river, on the opposite side from which we were on. It took me three days to make the trip, making me $150.00. On returning I camped in a little valley and staked out my mare. I had four mules but let them loose. I ate my supper, cold drinking water, fearing to make a fire on account of Indians. I made

my bed down close to the path and the timber that skirted the valley. About 9 o'clock I heard a slight noise—it was calm, beautiful moonlight night. I looked out from my blanket and I discovered a lot of Indians passing in the path, with their bows, arrows, spears and in war paint and dress. They went by on a little trot, I kept very quiet and counted them and there was a hundred and fifty. You bet, they didn't see me or my mules. I got up quietly and moved my bed, but slept but little after that. As soon as I saw the coming of daylight, I saddled my mare and started down the path, the mules following. I rode 20 miles without seeing any Indians. I came to a cabin, a little store and a place that travelers could get something to eat. I ate my breakfast there and the man told me that the Indians had passed his place, going to the valley to fight other Indians. Fights between the Mountain and Valley Indians were a frequent occurrence along in that valley. I felt a little alarm, but was getting used to such circumstances, and really did not fear much danger. Soon I reached my old camp at Bidwell's Bar in safety. There was where I made my headquarters. I packed goods out of that place all summer, going to different points and made a good deal of money. I had paid for the mules and the mare, one of the number being one of my own that I had after crossing the plains. I paid from $125.00 to $150.00 for each animal. The men that worked that rich claim just below the bar had made a little fortune for each. By fall they had worked the claim out and feeling happy at their success, they started for their return home to see their loved ones. When our company needed provisions they would send

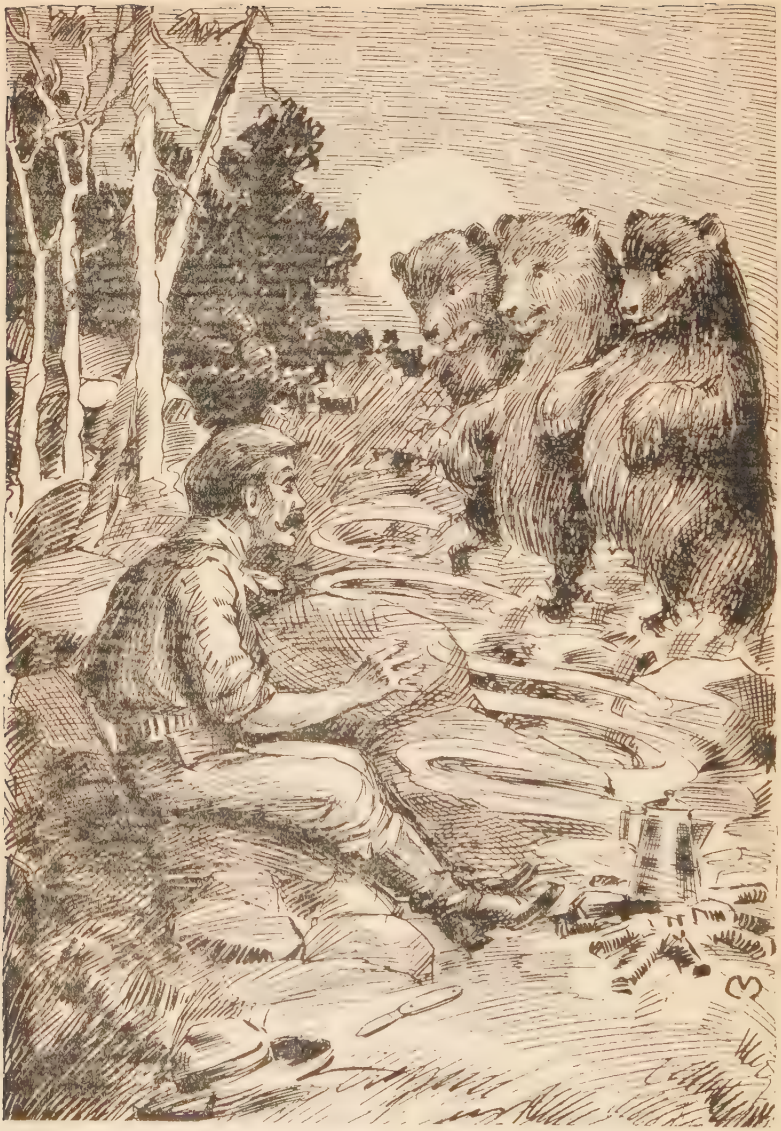
a man down to the bar to let me know what they wanted and I would pack them in. I would get news how our company was progressing. They seemed to be hopeful of success and late in the fall I learned that they had almost completed the race. During the work that fall a man named Cunningham had died and he was buried upon the hillside. That was the first gloom of sorrow that had happened during the summer in the camp. His two surviving brothers were very deeply distressed. I got word to bring in another train of goods for the company, so I loaded up and I got out about 20 miles in a little valley at the foot of a very high large mound, a small mountain. That night it commenced snowing and kept it up for several days. The snow was very deep, too deep for the mules to travel with the goods. On top of this mountain there was an Indian village and they were friendly. They would come to our camp occasionally to get something to eat. We would go up and see them and they would have their war dance in the big wigwam. They would dance around in a circle and sing until the perspiration would roll off of their bodies. They invited me to eat with them after the dance, and we dined on soup made of acorns. I had etiquette enough about me to tell them it was fine, but in reality I could hardly swallow it. During our stay there, we shot a fine deer. Fearing that they would need provisions, I got 17 buck Indians and loaded them with about 100 pounds each packed them into the camp. I placed a large card on the front of one of the Indians, stating the goods were for our company. I had no fear but what they would take the goods in all right, and they started in single file up the

hill. That night one of our boys came into my camp. Two had started from the mining camp to see what had become of me and the goods. They met the Indians, one man returning to the mining camp with the Indians and the other going on to see me. He said the Indians were traveling fine and that the one that had the deer on his back had a papoose set on top of the deer. They landed the goods safely and in good time. The two men returned back to the mining camp.

I returned alone with my mules, to Bidwell's Bar. I was packing more or less for miners at different times. Some time after that, I was sitting in my camp at Bidwell's and the man that I had working for me came up. I asked him what was the matter, that he was leaving his work, he said that the race was finished late one evening and they intended turning the water into the race the next morning. That night the dam broke, gave way, and everything went rushing down the river. The boys had worked so hard and faithfully, that they abandoned the idea of building the dam again and they broke up and scattered to hunt for different mines. None, however, returned to the bar except the man who worked for me. I figured up the amount I owed my man, I had $280.00 in gold, I paid him that, it was all the gold I had and as soon as I made the balance he could have it. He said, "Mr. Mac, you don't owe me another dollar, I am satisfied to get this as it will give me a good stake to start out for some of the company had hired men at $8.00 a day and to take their pay out of the bed of the stream when it was dug out. The result was that they never got a cent." He stayed with me a day or two and

then left. I remained there for several months packing and making money all the time. In the early spring two of the old company came into camp one evening. They seemed very glad to see me and we had quite a talk about what had happened to each of us during the time that had passed. They had been prospecting ever since they separated from the company and they struck a mining camp that was called Rich Bar on the North fork of Feather river. They said they had staked out a very fine claim of rich but coarse gold. There were three of them that went there, one remaining to take care of the claim, while the other two came for provisions. They came to Bidwell's Bar to buy goods as that was the nearest point at that time. They had but very little money with them. They made me a proposition, that if I would buy the goods and pack the goods into their bar for them, they would give me a fourth interest in the claim, which was very rich. I accepted their proposition, loaded the four mules and started, leaving my camp where I had been so long and made my first start at making money. The traveling was tedious and the boys sometimes had difficulty in following the trail, as there was more or less melting snow on the ground. Finally we wound our way down the mountain and came to the bar. It was getting late in the evening. We went to the camp, unloaded the mules and all of us being very tired, waited for the man to come from work. After while a man came to the camp—a stranger to my friends. He had a pint cup in his hand and had it about half full of coarse gold. They asked him if he knew where the man was that they had left in their camp. He said that he did not

know and he had bought him out and he had been gone several days. The matter was talked over that night in camp. This man had bought the claim honestly and paid for it, and he would not think of giving it up. He had possession of the claim, that being nine points in law. They finally made a compromise in some way, that these two men still held an interest, but I was cut out. I did not feel disposed to have trouble in any way, as I was making money and had plenty provisions with me. I let the boys have enough of the provisions to give them a pretty good stake to start on and sold the balance for a big price. I remained in that camp a day. Men were coming in from another direction, and from the information that I received from them, I concluded that I would prospect about a little. About ten or twelve miles I came to a pretty vale, afterwards called "Spanish Valley." I then went on following the "Blazed Trail" through the pine timber, and I came to a very large beautiful valley with a stream of water running through it. It was called later "The American Grass Valley," I camped there and rested my mules. I enjoyed everything so much, the scenery was beautiful, just as nature had formed it and there were plenty of deer in the valley. When traveling along the trail I could see frequently bear signs. I left there still on my mare and about noon I came to another pretty depression. It was afterwards called "Willow Valley." I spent noon at this place. I then started out and finally reached Feather river, which was the south fork. It was named Onion Valley, from the great quantity of wild onions that grew there. It became a noted place, was known all over the state. It was here by the next year I built a large store and



"While sitting there I heard a noise, the cracking of twigs, and I looked around and saw three very large grizzly bears, the first that I ever saw in California."

went into the mercantile business. By that time the mountains were getting full of prospecting miners, coming in by the hundreds, going in every direction, with packs on their backs and some with one mule pack. About 3 miles from there, going down a very steep hill from Onion Valley on the east I came to a little stream that was called "Poor Man's Creek," in spite of the very rich mines which were discovered there. It was soon filled from one end to the other with miners taking out thousands of dollars, the gold mostly being coarse. That little stream emptied into another small stream called Hopkins creek. That was rich also and it emptied into Nelson creek, that I had crossed, and some four or five miles south of Onion valley, there was another stream called Rabbit creek. It was rich also. Onion valley became the headquarters finally for all these surrounding mines, where the miners came to buy goods, gamble, and spend their money in different ways. I bought two more mules, which made my number six. Trade was good there at that time, and there were lots of small tents and shacks with goods in them for sale. I concluded that as goods were high at Rich Bar on the north fork of Feather river, that I would load my mules with goods and take them over there to sell. I started, taking the trail that I had come over. I knew just where to camp. My first camp was in Willow valley. I staked my mare out after unloading my mules and let the mules loose to graze. I was then using what was called the little cross tree pack-saddles. After I ate my supper, I was sitting in camp just about dusk. I happened to be the only one in the valley that night. While sitting there I heard a noise, the cracking of twigs, and I

looked around and I saw three very large grizzly bears, the first that I ever say in California. I had heard by this time from old timers, that the grizzly bear would never attack you unless they were crippled, except the old she-bear with cubs, it was never safe to go near them unless prepared. These three bears sat up on their hind legs. They looked at me steadily and I at them. Thoughts passing through my mind, "Was I safe?" at the same time feeling a delightful pleasure to look at these large wild animals. After gazing at me steadily for a time, they got down on all fours and quietly walked away out of sight. I had no weapon but a butcher knife, with me, which I always carried around my waist, and a pocket knife. Even if I had had a rifle, I would not have fired for fear of crippling one and they might get to me and tear me up. I was pleased that they had left, but was glad that I had seen these great animals that frequented that part of the country. I sat quite a while meditating about the wonders of California. The discoveries of gold and the many things that I had seen, that were so interesting—never to be forgotten. Finding that my mules and my horse were quiet, I became sleepy and retired, feeling that I would be safe. I slept peacefully until the appearance of another day. Loading up I passed through Grass Valley and camped at Little Spanish Valley for the night. The next day in the afternoon I reached the Rich Bar that I had started for. My load consisted of 20 gallons of whisky in 2 ten gallon kegs each. The other five mules loaded with 250 pounds each, of sugar, coffee, bacon, rice and potatoes and a few other things. Very soon there were buyers came to buy my goods. I sold the whisky

for $16.00 a gallon, which brought $320.00. The balance of the goods I sold for $2.00 a pound, which gave me about $3,000.00 in gold dust. I saw the two men that I had left there getting along nicely and making money fast. I made my return trip to Onion Valley in due time, nothing happening of special interest on my return trip. I met however, a number of miners, making inquiries. Onion Valley was still filling up rapidly with miners and emigrants coming into and also passing out to other mines. I remained there and made several trips to the near mines, of course making big profits all the time. I felt hopeful and cheerful. My health then was good, the air in that country was pure and the water was so clear and cool that all was enjoyable during my stay that fall at Onion Valley. That was in '50.

Some one had put up a cabin about ten logs high and had left it in just that way, without chinking it or putting a roof on it. There had been a place started there for butchering beeves and packing the meat to the miners. Beeves frequently netted $350 a head in this way. During the time that I was there I met two men that had crossed the plains with me. They were glad to meet me but had been unfortunate in mining. Where these men butchered their beeves we soon found out that the bears would come there in the night to eat the entrails. Sitting around the camp fire one night there were six of us concluded to try to kill a bear. We were all anxious to kill one. There was a very large pine tree that had been cut down about fifty yards from where the beeves were butchered. The limbs had been cut off of this tree for fires. We made our plans. Five of us, each with a rifle, were

to get behind that log. It was arranged that I should give the word when to fire. It was a pretty night and very quiet. We got all arranged with our rifles pointing over the log, waiting for the bears to come. Finally we heard them coming down the mountain. They were making a kind of a growling noise. The hillside was not very steep. They came to the place where they had been in the habit of eating. They followed the scent of the entrails to where it was and they commenced eating. There were three of them. Two would eat and one would sit up and watch; then that one would get down and eat and another one would sit up. I whispered to the boys that just so soon as another one stood up, I would give the word to fire. This was all done in a whisper. One of the men had a double-barreled rifle. Finally one bear sat up and I gave the word to fire.

The report was loud, but so closely together that it seemed that there was only one rifle discharged. Almost instantly all of us ran to this log cabin and climbed on top of it. One man said, "What did you run for?" Others said, "We ran because you did." The feeling was, I suppose, that we felt safer on the logs than we would have on the ground in the event that we had not killed the bear. The dog heard the shot and smelled the bear. He broke loose from his man and ran. The man, instead of running to the log cabin, climbed a tree that was close by and went up about thirty feet and was perched there, looking on. I remarked, "Boys, I hear that dog after the bear; we have crippled one. Let us run quickly and try and rescue the dog, as I would not have him killed for all the bear in California." We jumped off the cabin,

grabbed a revolver or two, and one of the men an axe, having one rifle still loaded. We ran up the mountain three or four hundred yards and found the bear and dog rolling over and fighting together. The bear had the dog hugged up in his forepaws and we were afraid to shoot for fear of killing the dog. Thomas slipped up with his axe and gave the bear a blow on the head, which stunned him. Another powerful blow on the skull killed him. I immediately examined the dog, and to my delight found that he was uninjured. In our delight at having killed the first bear, we took off our hats and waved them and yelled. We all took hold of the brute and it being down hill we very easily reached the place where the butchering was done. The man that was up in the top of the tree saw that we had killed the bear. We told him all was safe and to come down, and we had a big laugh over it. He said, "I saw you boys run for the cabin and it was impossible for me to hold the dog, so I took to the tree for safety." We hoisted the bear up with the pulleys at the butchers' stand and dressed him nicely. He was very fat and the meat very white. We sat around the camp fire that night and had a big talk, going over the whole program and enjoying the reminiscences very much. We cut the bear in quarters and keeping some for ourselves loaded the rest on mules and packed it down to Poor Man's Creek to sell to the miners. We sold it for 75 cents per pound, and as the bear weighed 450 pounds dressed we came out pretty well on the deal.

CHAPTER VI.

It was then getting pretty late in the fall. I told Thomas, who had been a schoolmate of mine, that I was going to continue in the packing business and not mine, as we had been so successful in our packing enterprise. I asked him to join me in the business and he said he did not have any money to amount to anything. I told him that it was all right, as I had plenty. He finally agreed to go with me. I had made up my mind to go to Marysville, where we had camped on our way in the little company to Shasta. We started out with my six mules and mare. The road to Marysville led through several pretty valleys and after we reached the foothills it was about fourteen miles to Marysville. We finally arrived and made our camp and found Marysville had grown to be quite a little town. Buildings had sprung up like mushrooms. Large stores were there with a bountiful supply of provisions, which were brought by steamboats from Sacramento City. I found a number of men there who had started stores way up in the mountains and were looking for transportation to get goods to their stores. I found that they were willing to pay big prices. There were several trains of mules that had come in there from Old Mexico. They had everything necessary for each mule to pack very heavy loads. I found one train of mules for sale. It contained about thirty head, with everything complete for packing. I paid the Mexicans $5,000.00 in gold for the train and kept several of his

hands to help me. I did not then know a word of Spanish. My head man was named Corralis. I made arrangements with a party who had come from Poor Man's Creek to lay in a large supply of goods for the winter. He bought the goods in Marysville and they were delivered to me in camp, which was close by. I was very busy, anxious to learn how to pack and helping my foreman to balance and arrange each mule's load. I had to talk to him by signs and pointing my finger. In speaking to me he called me "Patrone," and to Thomas "Mr. Charley." We finally got loaded and started. After the second day's travel we camped in a little valley. There were several small outfits there packing goods and among them we found a pretty good sized train and an American with them. Thomas and I went to the camp and called on them. We found that he could talk Spanish, having just come from Old Mexico. We had quite a conversation and I asked him what "Mr. Charles" was in Spanish, and he said "Signor Carlos." I asked what "Patrone" was, and he said "boss, owner, head man." Thomas turned to me with a laugh and said, "Why didn't the yellow scamp call me 'Patrone?' I remarked to him, saying, "Signor Carlos, I am the boss of this train." I said this laughingly. The first day after we left Marysville Thomas said, "Mac, Corralis calls me 'Mr.,' but he calls you some old Greaser name." I said, "I don't care what he calls me, just so I can learn to pack." This gentleman said to me, "You must first learn two words, "commishima esta,' which means 'What do you call this?'" We started to our camp. "Now," I said to Thomas, "you pick a good road to camp." I kept repeating those two words over all the time so as not

to forget them. I said, "If I should stub my toe and fall I should never catch those two words again." We reached camp and I immediately put my hand on an article, repeating those two words, and I kept that up for some time, amusing Corralis. We started the next day and after four days more reached Poor Man's Creek, delivered the goods and received $3,000 in gold for that trip. Thomas remarked, "Mac, we are making money fast." It was good news to him, as he had had such bad luck. We returned to Onion Valley and camped there for the night. The mules were sent to a valley about three miles off, where there was fine grass. The hands all went with the mules except Corralis, the cook and Thomas. My cook was a Spanish boy named Augustine and he rode the bell mare for the mules to follow and also watched the mules as they were loaded to see that they would not get their packs loose. The clouds were flying by high and very swiftly. We felt a little fearful of a storm, as it was getting late and the snows were very deep in the mountains in the winter. Thomas and I had each a large gum blanket with a hole in the center that we could put over our heads, one also to put under the bed and another on top to protect us from the rain. We went to bed and awoke the next morning and found two feet of snow and still snowing very fast. Camp was aroused immediately. I was afraid that I might lose my mules. We were camped by the side of the log cabin where we killed the bear. Thomas and I started out to look for the mules and we had quite a mountain to climb. We found it very tiresome. After going about a mile Thomas said that he was going to give out and leaned up against a pine tree. I encouraged him to come on

and in about a quarter of a mile he said that he could not go any further. I cut a switch, intending to whip him to keep him from going to sleep and freezing to death. Just at that time we heard the bell. The boys were coming in the right direction. I said, "Charley, here comes the mules; cheer up." We put him on a mule and we soon got down to camp. It was still snowing very fast, the snow getting deeper all the time. The cook had plenty of warm coffee, some boiled beans warmed over and some cold tortillas. Thomas after drinking his warm coffee and eating was all right.. We immediately commenced putting on the pack saddles for the start. Just then three men came along from Poor Man's Creek. They said that they would go on to Little Grass Valley, which was about twelve miles, and would tell Bodley to have a hot supper for us when we got in. Bodley was the owner of the ranch at Grass Valley. We had a large, strong Comanche mule. He had both ears split, which was a mark that these Comanches had for their horses and mules. I put my saddle and the bell on that mule and took the lead and told the others to follow, as I knew the road, yet it would be difficult to follow owing to the snow, which was falling so fast that it filled up these three men's tracks so that it was very hard to follow them. It was snowing so fast that I could scarcely see more than 75 or 100 feet ahead of me. I never looked back to see if the rest of the outfit were following me, as I was so intent on keeping the road and not getting lost. After traveling about two miles on the divide, we came to a camp where a Mexican had a large stock of goods. He had turned his mules down on a little creek that ran from Onion Valley down into Feather river. I

made signs to him the best I could to leave there and follow me or his whole outfit would perish. He shook his head and said no. I went on and about two miles from there the road turned to the left and went down the side of the divide into Grass Valley. I had gone about 200 yards beyond the place where I should have turned into the valley, following the tracks of these men. They had passed the point where they should have turned and I knew they were lost. After I had gone 200 yards beyond that point I found that these men had turned to the right, going a direct course opposite to the one they should have gone. It flashed through my mind immediately that they would perish, so I turned back. It was hard to get past the mules that were following me, the snow was so deep. I finally reached the turning point and went down into the valley, travelling through the timber. I finally came to Bodley's house that he had built hurriedly. Here I camped all night. I found after the boys and mules had got into camp that the bell mare and seven mules were missing, also one of my Mexican men by the name of Francisco that I had taken a great liking to. He failed to come up that night. We started the next morning and it was still snowing. The snow was very deep, almost impossible to get along. There were 309 mules and horses that left Bodley's that morning with my outfit to go to the valley where Marysville was. We reached a house that night about dark. I got my mules into this corral and we ran them around and around until we got the snow beat down sufficiently to give them a feed. By that time it had nearly quit snowing. I strung out some heavy canvas three and a half feet wide in strips of from twenty to thirty feet.

That night I fed my mules 900 pounds of barley, pouring the barley on this canvas and the mules coming up on either side to eat. I paid $1.00 a pound for the barley. That was expensive feeding, but I was used to such high prices by that time. We started the next morning and to our delight found that it had quit snowing. The sun soon came out and it was not very cold. The further we went the less snow we found and when we got to the foothills there was no snow. We reached Marysville and made camp. There was good grass for the mules. I remained there several weeks, letting my mules rest and fatten up, as they had had a very hard and severe trip. Finally my Mexican, Francisco, came into Marysville after several weeks. He told us that when he got to the Mexican camp on top of the hill it was snowing so rapidly, and he had remained in camp to try to get a mule out that he had left, a fine grey mule with a pack saddle. She was beside the log cabin and he could not get her to move. He had the mare with him and the other six mules that wouldn't leave the mare to follow on the trail. He started with them and finally reached the camp of the Mexican on the hill. He could not go any further, the storm was so severe. He remained there and that night about dark there were six men came into the camp that had come from Feather river going to Onion Valley. The snow was so deep they thought they would not be able to reach Onion Valley and they saw the smoke on the hill made by this Mexican's camp. They found the three men that had started in advance of me to Bodley's ranch. The first man they found was frozen to death. They soon found the other two men wrapped up in their blankets. They were alive.

He picked them up and as he thought it was not far he packed them along and finally reached the Mexican camp. These two men had their toes frozen off, and Franciso had lost one of his toes. The Mexican lost that night forty-eight mules and three horses, all that he had. The Mexican in camp having an abundance of provisions, they remained there until the storm was all settled and the road was so they could get out. I had a small mule that was a great pet with us and we called him Ground Squirrel. I knew which mules were gone and I asked Francisco what became of this little mule. He said that poor little Ground Squirrel had frozen to death with the other mules and the mare. Francisco told me that his father was a very rich man in Old Mexico, worth $300,000, but that he wanted to see the great gold mines in California. He had finally got homesick and he hired to me for $100 per month to make money sufficient to take him home. I paid him his wages and made him a present of $50. He worked a little while longer until he had sufficient to take him home. He had a sister younger than he. He became very much attached to me and tried very hard to get me to return home with him and marry his sister, who would be very rich. I declined his kind offer. He got ready, bid me good-bye and started for his home in Mexico.

I told Thomas that I wanted to make a trip up in the mountains in a certain direction, making some prospects, and for him to remain in camp with the mules and get a good long rest and to make the men attend to and cure the sores on the mules backs. I left on my saddle mule and after I struck the foothills in another direction. I went up into the mountains fol-

lowing a trail and I was riding along the side of the mountain and the path winding around the side of the mountain and the trail made a sudden turn and at that turn about 100 Indians came suddenly into view. They surrounded me immediately. My mule was very much frightened. I was alarmed somewhat, but did not want to let them know it. Among the number there were four that had packed goods over the mountains for me before, when they went to the mining camp. They extended their hands and said "How," but I motioned to them to keep back, for my mule was so badly frightened. They were all painted, had their war materials, going to the valley to fight the Indians. They made signs that they wanted tobacco. I had then commenced chewing tobacco and had a big fresh plug that I had not used. I cut it up into small pieces and threw it out among them to pick up. While I was doing this there was a tall, large Indian with long hair that was gray. He pointed his bow and arrow right at my breast. In an instant I opened the bosom of my flannel shirt. He drew the string tight and then let it go, holding to the arrow and said: "Ugh. Much brave Americano." I was scared, but somehow felt that they did not intend to kill me. Finally they said good-bye with a sign and away they went down the path. It was seldom that I had ever been more frightened, yet at the same time seeing these four Indians that I knew and this tribe of Indians, the Diggers, were not considered hostile, I felt that I was safe. I was very much relieved and delighted though when they had left me. I got through my prospecting trip without accident. Finding a new trail and returning to my camp at Marysville, found everything all right and the mules

rested up and fat, ready for work. At that time there were very few of these large pack trains owned by Americans.

I had made several trips up the Uba river with my train, making plenty of money each time. I finally bought a stock of goods of my own and started up the old Onion Valley trail, which we traveled some forty miles before the trail turned to strike the mountains. A man came out of Onion Valley on his road to Marysville to buy goods. It was then the spring of the year, but the snow was very deep in the mountains and had packed solid. This man met several small pack trains and told them what he wanted. They told him that they could not go, but told him that he would soon find a man riding a white horse with a train of mules that would go anywhere if you pay him enough. This he told me afterwards. He stopped me and told me what he wanted. I told him that I knew the way to Onion Valley and asked him how the snow was. He said it was very deep and packed solid. I was not afraid of snow storms at that season of the year. He said that he would buy his goods in Marysville and wanted them packed immediately. I told him that I would go if he would pay me 75 cents per pound, which price he agreed to pay. I told him I would meet him in Marysville the next morning. I traveled a piece further where the roads made a fork in the little valley and there was a little store and eating house there. We camped for the night, piled all the goods up safely beside the man's house. I left a Mexican to watch the goods and asked the man at the house if he would look after them for me until my return, which he agreed to do. We returned to Marysville and in a day had the

cargo ready to start. On my return I passed by the goods and found the Mexican and everything all right. Reached Onion Valley safely, delivered the goods and never saw the ground for five or six days. No accident happened except occasionally a mule would mire, but he got out safely. My freight came to over $2,000. I met some of the boys that knew I had gone on that trip and they asked me how I made it. I pulled out my two long sacks of gold and said, "Boys. that's how I made it." I camped where I left my goods.

I loaded up and went up on the Uba river where there was no snow, not far from where I camped, and we sold our goods for a big price and returned to Marysville. We were making money by the thousands with that pack train of mules very rapidly. I made a trip to what was called Little Grass Valley, a rich mining camp about thirty-five miles from Marysville. I had to cross the Uba river in a flatboat. We got across safely, started up the river and found the roads almost impassable. It was impossible for wagons to get along and difficult even for mules, packed.

We made the trip, making $2,000 again. The man that I packed the goods for kept a store and a butcher shop combined. He paid me my freight in gold dust. He then commenced making piles of gold coins, $125 in each pile. Five $20 gold pieces, two tens and a five. Before he got through I asked him why he was putting all the money out there. He laughed and asked me how many mules I had. He made a pile for each mule, $125. He says, "Put that in your purse and leave all your mules here for me except your riding mule." I told him no; that each mule had made nearly that amount on that trip. He tried very hard to buy my mules.

When he found he could not do so, he remarked that I had a very profitable business and would certainly make a lot of money out of it. I returned to Marysville and as usual took a rest. This rest more particularly was for my mules to have them strong to commence another trip, as it was very hard on some of them. I seldom had any difficulty in getting a contract. Most always someone was waiting for a train of mules. The mining district, east, west and north, was settling up rapidly even as far as the edge of Oregon. People were pouring in rapidly all the time. Almost of all nationalities.

CHAPTER VII.

During the first few years I seldom heard of a robbery or a hold-up and people felt safe even without arms to travel alone. The mule trains were not sufficient transportation for the goods and they commenced using mule teams, ox teams and horse teams to take the goods into the mountains as far as they could and making good roads. Finally there was a small stage line started out of Marysville that ran up into the mountains, carrying passengers. The horses were raised in California and could stand an immense amount of hard driving. The staging soon became so profitable that they gave their drivers $150 per month. The horses were hitched up by the men who cared for the stable and the stage was brought to the office of the hotel's starting point. The driver would mount upon his seat, with his long gauntlets, boots blacked, with his pants inside of the top of the boots, and soon was ready for the start.

A gentleman came to me and wanted a lot of Christmas goods packed to Downeyville, on the Uba river, about seventy-five miles. I asked him if there was any snow in the mountains yet. He said there was none and remarked that he would pay a very good price, as he wanted to get the goods into his store in due time. I asked what his goods consisted of. He said choice wines, liquors, cigars, tobacco, and canned goods, and some bar fixtures. I told him there would be a great many boxes and rather a hard lot to handle

and I would charge him a dollar a pound, which he agreed to give. Among his goods was a case of eggs packed in lime and were island or sea bird eggs, which weighed 350 pounds. I had to pack that on one mule. The only goods in sacks were 200 pounds of bacon. I started with the goods and getting along nicely, commenced ascending the mountains to go down to the store on the river. Part of the way on the mountains was a dug-out road, a path just wide enough for a mule with a pack to travel on safely. The boy was in the lead with the bell mare, when the animal suddenly became frightened at something. On one side was a precipice of 200 feet. On the other side a bank from the dug-out path was about three feet high and this mare made a spring and jumped up on the side of the path. The sudden ringing of the bell frightened the hind mules and they commenced crowding each other to get ahead. I and my boy saw the danger and acting promptly pushed the mare back in the path and got the mules quieted there without accident. It was a narrow escape. Finally we got out of this dug-out path and where the road commenced descending it was rather level but a long distance down the slope to the bottom. There were some rocks in the path and a small mule that was loaded with the bacon lost his footing and fell and commenced rolling over, and before any one could get to him he was rolling so that the boys could not catch him. The trees were rather scattered on the side of the mountain and he rolled on until he went out onto a very large rock that was level on the top and it was ten feet from the edge of the rock to the ground. Just as he had got to the edge of the rock he had almost stopped. There was force

enough to carry him over, and he commenced rolling faster and faster till he finally struck the bottom. The pack saddle was so built that it protected the body of a mule. In rolling his head never struck a tree or a rock. We finally reached the bottom without any further accident. I went with one of the boys to the mule. He was lying very quiet and still. We remarked that he was dead. He was a small mule but very stout. I gave him a lick on the head and spoke to him. He struggled immediately to get up. We assisted him and the little fellow was soon on his feet and we found that there were no limbs broken, although he had had a severe shock. We soon got to the store and delivered the goods without accident, nothing being broken. There was a very large crowd of miners around to see that train and all the fine goods come in. They anticipated having a fine time at Christmas. I think that my freight amounted to about $3,000 in gold dust that trip.

Thomas and I loaded up my train with our goods and went to Onion Valley. By that time they were getting a pretty good road in the valley and the valley was settling up very fast and quite a number of large stores had started up. We concluded to build a store house. We did so, the largest and best one in the valley. We opened a hotel also with the store. It was the only one there. Also attached on the side a bowling alley, which was crowded constantly, charging $1 a game.

We took in two other partners, one by the name of William Mason, a miner from Poor Man's Creek, originally from Brooklyn, N. Y.; a very excellent, congenial man, finely educated. The other was Robert

Turner. He was a Southern man, I think from the hills, with very limited education, a very good business man but one that was not popular in his way of doing business with the community. We also built a store, not so large, on Hopkins Creek, some five or six miles off. Mason, Thomas and Turner attended to the business connected with the house in Onion Valley and the store in Hopkinsville. I ran the pack train and purchased all the goods.

Our business increased so rapidly that we started two horse teams and two ox teams to freight goods into Onion Valley, having at that time a wagon road into Onion Valley for wagons. The miners would come into the valley on Saturday and remain until Monday. Some longer. They would enjoy themselves by spending their money in different ways very lavishly, as they made it easy and fast. We had a long counter not boarded up in the store and kept an empty shoe box under it. The miners would give us buckskin purses containing from $500 to as high as $3,000 to keep for them. There were no safes then. They had their names marked on the purse. We threw the money in the shoe box for safety and never was a cent lost and men coming in and going out constantly. It was astonishing how honest men were in early days in the mines. It kept me busy with my pack train and teams to keep our trade supplied with goods, buying as much as $10,000 worth of goods at a time in Marysville.

The gold dust valuation was $16.00 to the ounce. I would get a premium for gold in Marysville and it finally increased to as high as $22.00 an ounce for pure gold dust without any quartz in it.

Everybody that worked had plenty of money.

Some men would start back to their homes, getting as far as San Francisco with as much as $30,000. Reaching San Francisco, in having a good time, would spend all their money, get broke, and return to the mountains and work in the same old place. I have seen them return and it amused me to hear them tell how they spent their money.

One day coming up with a mule train of goods, I met a man by the name of Pool on the road with his blanket packed on his back. I knew him well. He had been a miner, made a good deal of money and in different ways lost it. I spoke to him and said:

"Hell, Pool, what's the matter? Are you leaving the country?"

He said: "Yes, I am. I have made so much money and kept losing it as fast or faster than I made it. A few days ago I went down the river with my wash pan, prospecting, and I found a little rich pocket and I washed out the first pan full, $4,000. I finished that pocket, cleaned out all I could find, and I had $5,000 of pretty gold. I prospected a little more without success. I made up my mind to go home to see my wife and children and that is where I am going now."

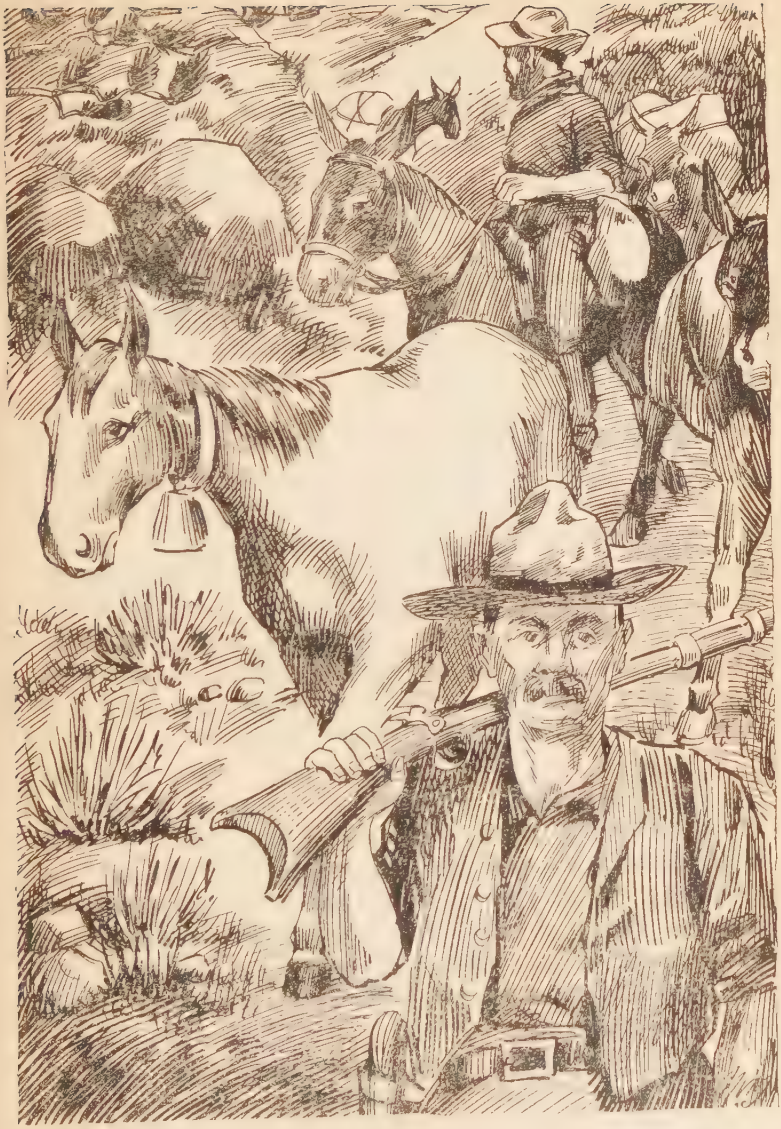
I wished him a pleasant journey and told him not to spend his money in San Francisco, and he said he would not, and that is the last I ever saw of him.

I can recollect dozens of just such instances that occurred and the amount of money that was taken out so quickly in these rich pockets.

Three miles from Marysville, up the river on the Uba, was a beautiful valley of rich land. I took up 80 acres and adjoining me was 100 acres belonging to a stage man by the name of Charles McLaughlin. I

bought his land, making me a pretty little farm of 180 acres of land. East of the valley were thousands of acres of fine grazing land. I fenced my place by digging a ditch four feet wide at the top and three feet deep. I put a fence on top consisting of one board nailed to posts and that amount of work cost me $2,000. That made me a nice home and camping place for all of my stock that I was using in all of my hauling and packing business. Most of my time was spent on the ranch when not in Marysville except when there to buy goods. Barley and wheat was high at that time and I concluded to put in 100 acres. I bought six yoke of work cattle. They were very fat; paid $250 in gold per yoke. I broke up 100 acres, rich land with a sandy loam to it, easy to plow, and sowed 60 acres of wheat and 40 of barley. I raised 40 bushels to the acre of wheat and 70 bushels of barley. I sold my crop, reserving what I wanted for my own use on the road, for $10,000 in gold coin. I put the gold in a sack and packed it down to the bank and deposited it. I thought it was a tremendous price for grain. I paid my harvest hands $5.00 per day.

In threshing my grain something about the machine was broken and the owner went to Marysville to have it repaired, saying it would probably take a day. I told two of my men to hitch up two teams with a pair of horses to each wagon and load them with barley and watermelons and go up the river twelve miles to Long's Bar and sell out their load, which they did, returning the same day, and bringing me for those two small loads of barley and watermelons $250 in gold. I had fine hay on my ranch, would put up as much as 200 tons in one season. It did not



Carrying freight down the mountains.

suit me to farm and raise grain, as I had so much other business to attend to. I sold these same oxen to a butcher for the same price that I gave for them and that was the last of raising wheat and barley for me, although I continued to raise acres of watermelons. I made a trip in the fall to the stores with a large quantity of goods and repeated those trips until we thought we had a supply for the winter, before the deep snows. Having worked all my stock pretty hard, I gave them several months rest to recuperate. As I found employment for myself and the boys that I needed around the ranch in doing some little improving and occasionally making a little trip, either with my teams or pack train, near by. I would hear from my partners by mail occasionally. When the snows commenced and the rainy season the snow in the mountains got very deep and most all merchants rushed to get in there with supplies, as all communication with the valley, as far as transportation was concerned, was cut off. The goods were sold from the stores in the mountains at high prices and their profits were enormous.

It seemed as if the miners cared little for high prices, as they were constantly making so much money. The winter was nearly over and I got word from the boys as soon as I possibly could to come in with a train of goods. There was a store in the valley opposite ours run by Davis Bros. They, too, sold a tremendous quantity of goods. They were getting scarce also and they notified to have goods in as soon as they could get them there.

Finally they heard that the goods had started from Marysville. My partners and the Davis brothers were becoming very anxious, as the goods were scarce

and very high in price. Each made a bet that which ever goods got in first the loser would pay for a good oyster supper. I knew nothing of their bet and extreme anxiety for the goods to arrive. I finally reached Little Grass Valley where the ranch was owned by Bodley. I came into the valley over the snow, a trail having been beaten down. I was then riding a nice white horse and when I reached the ranch I found hundreds of mules that were in advance of me, packed with goods. All were standing with their loads on. As I rode up old man Bodley was standing there with a number of other men and he remarked:

"There comes a man on that white horse who will cross this valley with his train of mules."

The mules in advance of me had stopped because the drivers were afraid to undertake crossing the river and the valley. There were about twenty men at work at that time, shoveling snow, making a road to the ford that crossed the river. Bodley's remark that I would cross the river with my train added:

"I will bet the whisky for the crowd and I will win it."

I remarked: "You better be careful how you bet, as drinks are high and it may cost you a good deal of money."

I then asked what was the matter and he explained why the mules had all stopped there. I knew that valley pretty well, as I had crossed it hundreds of times going to my store. I remarked to my Spanish boss of the train: "Tighten up well all your loads on the mules." I got off of my horse and went up the river a piece on an old path that was made on top of the snow. It seemed solid with the exception of little streams of

water seeping and running under the path, which made it somewhat unsafe, as the weight would break through the snow. I finally came to where this path crossed the river. There was a large tree that had been cut down and the log crossed the stream. It had been leveled off on top and then chopped across with an ax so the foot would not slip and some limbs left on the tree for banisters to hold to. I examined the crossing carefully and found that on the opposite side 100 yards from the river I could see a little ground where the old path was. I walked back to the mules and asked if the loads were all tightened up ready to move. To lighten up my loads on the mules I made the boys pack their riding mules when we reached the snow and made them walk.. The crowd was waiting for me on my return, anxious to know the result and see what I would do. I spoke only to my men:

"Now, you boys follow me with the bell mare walking by the side of your mules and watch them carefully."

I took the bell mare in the lead and the boy that rode the mare walked with me, the mules following. When I reached the log I told the boy to take the halter off the mare and to cross the log. The mare hesitated a moment, but finally took the log. My boss was on one side at the crossing and I on the other and as the mules came up we let them take the log very carefully not to make a rush. They commenced crossing nicely. Most of the mules were over. I had one loaded with sheet iron. She lost her footing and plunged into the river. I jumped in immediately, the boss following me, and we supported the pack on either side and landed her safely at the ford, where she could get out

easily. The balance of the mules all landed safely across the log. Just then there was a tremendous cheer and the waving of hats at the ranch. It was then about sundown and it commenced to freeze. My foreman and I were very wet and our clothes commenced freezing on us. I struck the old trail and there was a little bare ground. I followed the old trail until about dark and struck a cabin. The snow near the cabin, it was in the timber, was about eight or ten feet deep, I made my camp near the cabin on top of the snow, unloaded, strung out my canvas on top of the snow and fed the mules with barley. The cook found a place near the cabin to cook supper.

My Mexican foreman and I went into the cabin where there was a good fire, and we stayed there drying our clothes the best we could and finally got pretty well dried. In the meantime the mules had finished eating. Supper was announced by the cook and we fell to with a vengeance. The mules were rounded together and watched by the boys to keep them from straying off. Soon after camping five men arrived from the valley. My partners had sent them out to help me in with my train if they met me. I gave them supper and they found a place to sleep in the cabin. I returned to the camp, my clothing having been pretty well dried out.

I took my bowie knife and cut off boughs of the pine and fir trees and made a bed a foot thick of them, wrapped up in my blankets and went to sleep, feeling that I had accomplished quite a feat in crossing the river. These men we glad to meet me and told me of the scarcity of goods and the very high prices they

were selling at and also the bet that was made for the oyster supper and remarked:

"Mac, you will win that supper."

The sun had power at that time and the air was generally clear. I awoke at 2 o'clock in the morning and roused up all hands and made an early start, fearing the sun would make the snow too soft to travel. We traveled along nicely until about 9 o'clock in the morning, when we struck a long ridge that led us to the top of the divide. This ridge was about a mile and a half long. Before we got to the top the snow commenced getting soft and the mules began floundering, so we unpacked every mule and left the loads on the snow. I told the cook to take the mare and go on to the top of the mountain and to find a camp, melt snow for coffee and get breakfast if he could find a bare to cook it. He did so—and found a little naked place at the foot of a big pine tree.

He hobbled the mare, the mules all standing around her, and immediately commenced getting breakfast, as we had not had any that morning. In about two hours, with the five men to help us, we packed everything, goods, saddles and all, to the top of the ridge where the boy had camped. It took us about two hours. There was a very tired and hungry set of men and we rejoiced at having everything on top of the ridge ready to start again when the time came.

The cook found plenty of dry pine sticks to cook with and he got a fine breakfast and plenty of everything to eat. We ate heartily, fed the mules and rested there until about two hours before sundown. In the meantime great numbers of men passed us with packs on their backs, also leading some mules with their

camp outfits on their backs. Traveling all in the same path. They made a good trail and the snow became very solid. The mules were well rested. We had then about three or four miles on the ridge before we reached the valley. Soon we saw the stores in the valley. It was then about sundown and they had made a path down to the valley, winding first one way and then the other.

The drifted snow was in places forty to fifty feet deep, but the trail was solid. The boys at the store and others in the valley saw the train coming and they commenced yelling and waving their hats. My train reached the front of the store, which the snow had been beaten down and shoveled away from in front of all the stores. Everything was unloaded and packed into the store. I told the Davis brothers that I did not know where their goods were. There were a great many miners in the valley looking for goods. It was Saturday night. Having a hotel, we all had a good place to sleep and plenty to eat. The next day the men were anxious to buy and the boys saw that they would have to sell goods to them.

All hands were busy selling goods and weighing the dust. Prices were very high and the profits were enormous. Before the day was over we had sold every pound I had packed in. During the day there were several small trains that got across the river after the road was dug out in Grass Valley and they reached Onion Valley. We bought goods from several of these small outfits and by night we had sold everything we had except some for the use of the house. The boys told me I would have to make a return trip as quick as possible. I started back the next morning,

taking a quantity of gold dust with me, which I carried in saddle pockets.

CHAPTER VIII.

I reached Grass Valley and Bodley was delighted that he won his bet and that I had made the trip. There was one very large train of mules loaded with goods for Nelson Creek, which is seven miles beyond Onion Valley. The Mexican told me that his freight would come to $3,000, and if I would take his goods and deliver them to Nelson Creek I might have all the freight. He was afraid to undertake it and did not want to lose his mules. I told him I was compelled to reach the valley and declined to take his goods. I made several trips as fast as I could and got the store pretty well stocked up again with goods. Other stores had commenced getting in goods and the price had declined some. The road got open so that I could then use my ox and horse teams, which relieved so much hard work for my pack train.

Near our store was a mountain of perpetual snow. I told the boys I was going to load my ox team with blocks of snow for the valley. We went out and examined the place and cut a road so the teams could get to the mountain. Went on the side of the mountain and found the snow very solid and deep and cut it out in large blocks and landed it down the mountain to the wagons. Loaded two large wagons with blocks, packed as closely as we could get it in. We covered it all over

as close as we could with boughs of fir trees, which are very soft, then covered the wagons with large wagon sheets. I told the boys to start for Marysville with the wagons and to get there as soon as possible, traveling night and day, stopping only long enough to graze the oxen. I met the wagons there. They got in a little before night. I was there a little in advance of them and I concluded to take my snow to Sacramento City, which was forty miles. I hired two large spring wagons and loaded the snow in these wagons and started them at sundown for Sacramento City. I followed them in a buggy. The wagons reached there about sunrise in the morning.

I sold my snow, which was almost ice, to a saloonkeeper for $450 in gold dust. A very nice profit, but I would not undertake the trip again. Finally there were large ice houses put up in Little Grass Valley and the ice was clear and beautiful from the mountain water. Eventually all the cities got supplied with plenty from different sources.

There were then a great many pack trains leaving Marysville. I was going to the mountains on a trip with my train and the day that I got into my store, early in the morning, I met a man that I knew coming out on his way to Marysville. He was on his way to Marysville and said he was anxious to get there that night. He said that he had bought a certain store not far from the valley and that he was going after a large lot of goods. I remarked to him that I would like to have the contract for packing his goods. I told him that I had a fine train of mules and he said that he knew that and that I should have the contract if I could do it in time. I asked him where he was going

to buy his goods. He said either in Marysville or San Francisco, probably in Marysville, as he was in a hurry. I told him that I would meet him in Marysville the next morning. He asked me if I could make it and I told him yes. I delivered my goods at the store and found that we were pretty well supplied. I told the boys of my contract and they said it was all right.

I had then discarded riding my white horse and had been riding for a while one of the finest saddle mules that was ever in the state of California. She was almost invaluable. It was seventy-five miles from the valley to Marysville. I ate my supper and told the boys I was going to eat breakfast in Marysville. I started and rode until between 12 and 1 o'clock, when I stopped at an eating ranch, fed my mule, got something to eat, rested a while and started again.

I reached Marysville about sunrise, put my mule in a stable and went to the Western Hotel, where the man said he would stop. As I was going in to breakfast this gentleman was coming out. He seemed a little surprised to see me there so early. He told me that he would buy his goods in Marysville and he wanted them delivered as fast as I could possibly do so.

I told my boss to camp with his train at the foothills, fourteen miles from Marysville, and to stay there until he heard from me. He bought his goods and I got my ox and horse teams in town and freighted the goods all out across the valley to where my mules were in camp. When I went out with the first loads I found my train waiting and in a trip or two I had the goods all there. I loaded my train and started immediately. I went with them and left two of my boys there to

watch the goods until I returned. I delivered my first load all right. The second trip ended the contract and I received $3,000 for my work.

Some of the packers heard of a trip that I made, riding all night to secure that contract. They commented on it and some remarked that it was hard to beat McIlhany; that he was the most persevering and successful packer that ever went out of Marysville. My teams kept the stores pretty well supplied with goods, giving me an opportunity to pack other goods.

A man came to me in Marysville and wanted a large billiard table packed into the Rich Bar of the north fork of Feather river. There was no wagon road. I knew the route well. I made a bargain with him to pack the table there for him. I loaded up forty-nine mules with flour and a large bay mare mule, one of my strongest and gentlest mules, to pack the billiard table. It was a large old fashioned table. I unscrewed the legs from the table and I put two 50-pound sacks of flour on either side of the top of the pack saddle, putting that table on top of the flour to balance it nicely and lashed it tightly. Most of the mules had instinct enough not to let their packs jar against a tree and it made the mules careful.

I finally reached the top of the mountain; the way then descended six miles down to the bar, with a winding trail. My men watched the mule carefully to see that she did not bruise the table, which was wrapped. I finally reached the store with the table. The mule was wet with perspiration and was trembling like a leaf with the strain of going down that mountain with the table. He paid me $450 in gold dust for landing the table there safely. The table was put up immedi-

"Bonita."

ately in his store, where he had both goods and a bar besides this table. It was put up immediately and the boys commenced playing on the table at a dollar a game.

I packed with me my own bed and I slept on the ground at my camp, which was close to the store, feeding my mules on barley that night. I was up early in the morning and the men were still playing billiards and the proprietor told me that they had been playing all night. He said, "I will soon have that costly billiard table paid for." I settled up all my business, started back and in a few days reached Marysville again.

This fine saddle mule that I owned I called in Spanish "Bonita," which means in English "Pretty." She was worthy of that name because she was a beauty and singularly marked. She was rather a dark sorrel, with three white feet, the white from six to eight inches long and a pretty tail, a white mane, mixed with dark hairs, which I kept very neatly roached. She had a blaze in her face, with a very bright eye and pretty ear. My saddle, bridle, spurs, blanket and whip and rietta cost $100. The rietta was hung on the side of the mule in front of me, looped with a buckskin string to the horn of the saddle, which I always carried with me. The spurs were made of steel, with two little bells attached to each one of the little wheels that whirled around. When riding they made very nice music in striking this steel and could be heard as far as 100 yards. It seemed to encourage the mules to travel. That was my faithful mule that carried me over the mountains and through the snow for five years. Marysville at that time was quite a town, hav-

ing 10,000 inhabitants and was incorporated. It had two large hotels and several small ones. The United States and Western were the two principal hotels.

On one occasion I was returning from my store with quite a lot of gold dust, some $10,000, which I carried in my saddle pockets. I left in the morning and rode pretty lively all day, wishing to get to Marysville that night. Night overtook me however, some 15 miles from Marysville. I was riding through the foothills and there was a good deal of small timber on either side of the road. Just after dark, I came to a large rock some 15 or 20 feet high in the center of the road and the trail passing on either side around it.

Just as I reached the rock a Spaniard called to me: "Stop, my friend." Bonita immediately jumped way to one side and immediately passed on and struck the road on the opposite side of the rock. There were two Spaniards and I heard them laughing. About a mile farther I reached a stage stand and spoke of the occurrence to the landlord. I stayed there all night, started early the next morning, and landed in Marysville for breakfast, after loping my mule 14 miles. There was quite a quantity of water in the road and splashed so that it made her very wet and muddy. I rode into the livery stable where I kept her and the old fellow working there whom I called Bill, covered her up with a blanket and gave her nice care.

On another occasion I was coming from my store; I had $2,000 in gold dust in two buckskin purses containing $1,000 each. I had them in my little saddle pockets that I carried in front of me on the horn of the saddle. I kept them there all the time to carry small articles. I reached the foothills just about dusk,

14 miles from Marysville. The dust in the road was very deep. All at once I discovered that my little saddle pockets flopped to one side. I found that one of the purses was gone. It had ripped the sewing in the little pocket and had fallen to the ground in the dust. I knew it could not be far off. I got off my mule, threw the reins over her head upon the ground as she would always stand until I returned to her. I looked carefully along the road some distance but I failed to find it, the pocket. By that time it was dark. I went out to the side of the road and camped for the night, lying on the grass; it was warm and pleasant. I unsaddled my mule and made a pillow of the saddle and laid on the saddle blanket. I put the lariat around her neck and fastened it to the horn of my saddle. I slept quietly, nothing disturbing me, hearing occasionally the barking of coyotes.

Daylight came; I went to the road and commenced looking for the purse, going back on the road and moving both feet, first one and then the other, through the dust carefully. Very soon one of my feet struck the purse. It had fallen in dust so deep that it was covered up, and as the buckskin was the color of the dust it was very hard to find. Of course I was delighted to find my money.

I saddled my mule and started to town. I rode slowly at first. I had not gone far when I saw three men coming towards me diagonally on my right. I watched them closely and they soon came to the road and crossed in front of me. They looked at me and passed on. One of them was riding a beautiful black mare. They all seemed to be well armed. I galloped on then lively and soon reached town and heard that

the sheriff had been shot that night by men who were trying to rob him, but was not killed. One of these three men that I had seen riding the black mare was Juaquen, the great noted outlaw of Southern California. His black mare, "Bess," he called her, was also noted as one of the finest animals in the state and was so swift they could not catch him on the horse. Finally in after years he was captured dead.

At that time there were more fine looking men in that part of the country than any place I ever saw. They came from every state in the Union and from every foreign country. American women were very scarce. Mexican women and the Chinese were plentiful. It was frequently the case that married women coming to California, if their husbands were a little old or poor and their wives somewhat prepossessing were soon taken by some of these fine looking men.

There was an auctioneer in Marysville who had a wife and two children, a boy and a girl. The sheriff was a single man. These men were friends. One day at a bar they were taking a drink. The auctioneer remarked to the sheriff, "I believe that my wife thinks more of you than she does of me. I will make you a proposition. I will keep the boy, you take my wife and the girl and give me a check for $500 and the separation is made." It was accepted by the sheriff and afterwards I sat at the table with them many times. In fact, I boarded with them.

I was interested with a man from Virginia who was mining the Rich Bar of the north fork of Feather river. I was not very busy at that time, having a large supply of goods in the mountains and it being

winter. I left all my stock and the ranch and told them that I was going to the mountains. I started on a small riding mule and left Bonita at the ranch, fearing that I would have to go part of the way on foot and fearing that where I left her she might not be well cared for. I struck out taking the trail from Marysville to Rich Bar which I knew. I had traveled about a day and a half or two days when I struck snow.

It was hard traveling for the mule. It would hold a man up, but not a mule. It did not snow all the time in the winter. Sometimes it would snow several weeks and quit and then commence later and snow at different times in the winter. There had fallen up to this time, however, quite a quantity of snow. I left my mule with an old fellow by the name of Healy who kept a ranch. He had been a Methodist preacher, but was then a gambler. I asked him if he would care for my mule until I returned and he said he would.

I then went on afoot. I got along very nicely on the snow. I reached finally the high top of the mountains where it descended down to the Bar. The snow was very deep and there it was frozen and was slick. Where the mountain side had been burned off I broke off a pine pole some 8 or 10 feet long. The trail all being blocked and covered with snow I concluded to take a straight shoot down to the bar. This pole was to steady me. I stood quite a while before starting down the mountain, viewing the scenery, which was beautiful and sublime. One mountain after the other stood out, covered with deep snow and with pine trees with their foliage high above the snow with the limbs on the south side having the snow all melted off while on

the north the snow was still frozen on the limbs, making the contrast very beautiful. I will say right here, that I have seen acres upon acres of beautiful wild flowers of different kinds. I have seen in the little valleys in the mountains in places where the tulip grew six feet high, the bulb of the flower being near the size of a teacup, with its varied colors. I never have seen anything in the tulip line to equal it.

I finally ascended the mountains. I was careful and landed safely at the camp where there was no snow. His mining operation was not successful, though he was doing very well. He gave me $500 in gold dust as my share, I left in the morning and concluded to go by the way of Onion valley where we had our store. There was a pack train going out in that direction to American valley to get some feed for their mules and I went with them and we got into American valley that night to camp. There had been a good deal of hay stacked at the ranch and this man made a bargain to get hay to feed his mules until he could finally get out to the big valleys where there was no snow.

I left in the morning and went down the valley a piece leaving the blazed trail that I knew and concluded that I would take a cut-off and strike the Little Willow valley again where the trail came in. It was hard traveling. The snow was about two feet deep and not hard enough to bear a man. I struck up the sides of a small canon that would lead me to the head of the valley. It commenced snowing soon after I left the ranch—not very fast, however. When I had gone about a mile and a half up this canon it

commenced snowing a little faster. I felt fearful that I might not be able to make Nelson Creek where I might stay all night.

I turned back on my trail, concluding to go back to the ranch. I turned back until I reached the valley which was a mile and a half from the ranch. Suddenly it quit snowing, the cloud became thin and the sun came out. I concluded it was done snowing for the day and turned back to go on. I had gotten a little beyond where I first turned back when all at once it clouded up and commenced snowing rapidly. I made up my mind that I would go on and take the risk. I passed a little brush shanty where some one had camped, and soon afterwards reached the head of the valley.

I felt sure then that I was on the right trail. The snow in the valley was nearly three feet deep, it was still snowing hard and I had to shove my legs through the snow. I soon got tired lifting them up. I finally reached a little cabin. It had been built by some men who kept cows there and sold the milk to the miners, but they were gone then as they could not winter there. That cabin was close to the place where I camped with my six mules two years before, and had seen the three large grizzly bears. That was the first time that I had been along there in about two years. I went into the cabin. There was some wood and trash there and I built a little fire. My clothes were wet from my waist down from the snow. There was a piece of bread on the table which was very hard. I examined it and finally I sat there and ate all of it. I knew it would not do to stay there all night, for if it should snow for a week I would perish. I started on

the old trail, having the blazed trees for a guide, but I knew the trail, however. I crossed a stream with a little water running in it, which I remember very well. I struck a very steep little hill of about 70 yards up it. I remember it well also for it was very steep.

In climbing that hill, the snow was very deep, nearly up to my neck. From the top the hill descended a half a mile, very gradually and leveled to the south fork of Feather river. As soon as I reached the top of the hill I found quite a ditch there which I had never seen before. I felt a little uneasy that I might possibly be mistaken in the road. I remembered however, that there was a large pine tree there that the rough bark had been stripped off some foot or two square and made smooth, and a good many names had been cut there with a knife. I had cut mine there also. My memory was good and I knew I must be close to that tree and finally I found it.

From there it was a half a mile to the south fork and from there over the ridge a quarter of a mile to Nelson Creek. Before I could find a house to stop. I stopped and listened, it was then about ten o'clock at night. I could not hear a sound except the rushing of the waters at the river. I drew my revolver, which I had kept dry and fired two shots. The only response was the echo from the mountain side. I pushed on, probably a hundred yards then. I stopped and listened. I only stopped however, for an instant and listened, then moved on knowing that it would not do for me to remain long in one place as I was tired and fearful of freezing. I finally found that I was approaching the banks of the river. I stopped and made a loud yell, almost immediately, right in front of me a door was opened and I saw a bright light in a room.

It is hard for me to describe my feelings when that door opened and I saw a man standing there. I walked up to the door and recognized him as one whom I knew well. His name was Blackhawk. He took me by the hand, recognized me and led me into the cabin, saying, "Mac, where upon the face of the earth did you come from, such a night as this?" I said, "Blackhawk, wait till I rest, as I can hardly talk, as I am almost exhausted." He told the boys to make a good fire for me and get some good supper. He put down a big buffalo robe in front of the fire and I took off my clothes to dry them. After resting a little I told him where I was from and where I was going. He remarked to me, "Its fortunate that you struck this cabin, you must have crossed the river to reach Nelson's Creek."

I told him my delight in finding the cabin was greater than his, yet I had a great strength to accomplish what I started out for. I finally got dried off and I ate a very hearty good supper. I told him about striking that ditch that I had never seen there before and I thought I was lost. They said that they had discovered gold close to where they were and that ditch was dug to bring water to the mines and that cabin was built for their home.

The change from the snow to the warm fire soon made me sleepy, being tired, went to bed early, had a good sleep and rest and in the morning it was still snowing. I told the boys that I wanted to get to Nelson Creek to Thompson & Sherman's store. That I might get from there to Onion valley quicker than I could from their cabin. They told me that I could go down the river from the cabin on the side of the

mountain and I would soon come opposite the store and they had a skiff there and I could cross in that and leave it on the opposite side, but I must be very careful in crossing and pull hard or I would go over the rapids close by.

They had a very pretty coach dog there about a year old. I told them that if they had not any use for the dog to give him to me, which they did. I put a rope around the dog's neck and started, told the boys good-bye, thanking them for their kindness, set off towards the river, which I reached after a hard struggle through the snow. I put my dog in the skiff and landed on the opposite side safely, and walked up to the store. There were several miners there besides those that belonged to the store. It snowed more or less almost constantly for seven days and nights. I remained at the store, sleeping in a bunk in the side of a wall and paying $1.50 each for my meals, which were very plain indeed. Finally it stopped snowing and cleared away. The snow settling gradually, and I told the boys that I thought I would try and make Onion valley. They doubted very much that the snow would bear me up. I made me a pair of long snow-shoes and started.

I got along very slowly, thinking if I got out of the timber that I would find the snow more solid. I had gotten within about a mile and a half or two miles of my store when the snow was so soft that I saw I could not possibly make it, and so I turned back and went again to Nelson's Creek. I determined not to start again until the snow was perfectly solid. I remained seven days more, when I made another start and found the going with my snow shoes all

right. Two men there said they would be out to my store the next night and stay all night on their way to Marysville. They would go with me. I got along nicely and got within about two miles of the store. It was a beautiful day and the sun was shining brightly.

A very large rock stood close to the trail that was as tall as a two story house. Before I got to the rock I saw two men sitting on the top of it. The snow was so deep and the wind had blown the snow around the rock that they could easily walk on top of it. I finally reached the boys and knew them both well. They were surprised to see me, very much so. We had quite a chat and said that a great many men had been in the valley snowed in for two weeks and longer and could not get out, and said that all had broken camp that morning as the storm was over and had left for their mining camp. They said that my partners were well, but that the house had been crowned with snow all the time.

I left them and reached the valley and went direct to the store on my snowshoes. My house was two stories. The only one of that height in the vicinity. Davis brothers, opposite, was one story and was about covered up with snow and only by shoveling the snow off of the roof, did they keep the roof from falling in. In front of my store the wind had whipped around the house and left almost a vacant place in front of it eight to ten feet wide. The men had made steps in the snow to come out on top.

When I got out to the door of the store I sat down on my snow shoes and slid down into the store. The boys were so astonished and surprised to see me they

could scarcely believe their own eyes. I had put gunpowder under my eyes to relieve the glare of the sun shining on the snow. When I got into the store it was dark to me. Mason asked me if I didn't want a "toddy" and I told him yes, and he fixed a nice one and I drank it. It seemed to help me very much. I soon had some dinner and I explained to them all about my trip and how everything was at the ranch, they giving a description of the storm and how many people had been at the house and in the valley.

I told Thomas to take my snowshoes and go to Hopkins Creek to our other store. To stay all night and bring all the money with him, as I wanted to leave for Marysville the next day. He returned the next day about noon. During the day the two men from Nelson Creek arrived at our store. The snow had been measured at several places in the valley and found to be twenty-two feet deep on the level. The next morning four of us started for Marysville. I took the money that Thomas brought from the store and all from the store in Onion Valley. I had several thousand dollars in gold dust. I tied it around my waist. It was twelve miles to Little Grass Valley, where Bodley had his ranch. We reached there in the evening very tired and remained all night.

CHAPTER IX.

There was a pretty good trail at that time from Bodwells out to Marysville. We threw our snowshoes away there and found a pretty good going until we reached a ranch kept by a man by the name of Leedom. We nooned at Raspberry valley at an eating house, and stayed all night at Leedom's and there hired a team to haul us to Marysville.

We reached Brigg's ranch 3 miles from the city. His was the first and the finest fruit ranch in that country. His house was situated on the Uba River. The melting of the snow and rain had put the river out of its banks and was over the bottom where my ranch was on the opposite side, about a mile below him, where all my stock was. I asked him if he had heard anything of any of my boys and he said he had not. I asked him if he could let me have a skiff and he did.

There was a very strong man who came down with me by the name of Davis. I told him I would give him $50.00 in gold if he would go down and rescue my boys if they were in danger and to bring them on that side of the river where we were. He started down in the skiff, soon came to the ranch, found the boys in a wagon that was chained to a big oak tree, at that time there was only a tent, no house on the ranch. He got them into the skiff and landed them safely a mile below, near the road that we were

on with the wagon. We took the boys in the wagon to town. They told me everything was safe, that all the mules and horses and cattle were on a large mound in the center of the ranch and were safe from the water.

I paid Davis his $50.00. The boys remained in town with me until the water receded from the bottoms. While I was in town the livery man came to me and told me that my mule that I had left at Healy ranch was at his stable and the bill on it was $250.00 for keeping him about three weeks. I told him all right. I went around to the stable, saw the mule, he was all right, and found my fine saddle, spurs and blanket all safe. I bundled up all riggings that belonged to the mule and took it around to my hotel. I told the livery man to tell Healy he could have the mule for the bill and that was all he would ever get. He finally took the mule and that was the last I ever heard of Healy, the mule or the feed bill.

That was the most wonderful, the hardest, most dangerous trip that I ever had in California. It was put in the papers, "A daring adventure by a packer." But no name mentioned, for which I was very glad. I lost none of my stock on the ranch. Water went down, and no damage was done to amount to anything.

Marysville by this time had grown from the lone adobe house of '49, to a great business city where great profits were made. I remember the first two eggs that I ate there cost me $1.00. The first half chicken $2.50. The first apple, fifty cents. I didn't repeat these extravagant luxuries until there was a change. There were two very large noted gambling houses with many smaller ones. In the Mexican portion of the town

gambling there which was one of their most important business was generally conducted upon a small scale, and it was there that many gambling disputes were settled with the gun or stilleto, a dirk, which resulted in many deaths.

The Arcade, the largest gambling house, entered from one street about the center of the block and reaching into the center between the opposite block. Then turned and went through and came out on another street. The large gambling tables were in a straight row clear through the building, and hundreds and thousands of dollars in gold and silver were piled on the tables. Monte, poker, roulette, lancanette, and other games were played. I have seen thousands of dollars made in a bet.

I remember of seeing a bet of $10,000.00 made at poker by Charles Cora, proprietor of the other gambling house, called The New World. He won his bet. He was afterwards hung in San Francisco with another one by a vigilance committee, which I will have something to say about later on. At the Arcade was a fine band of music that played at night. There was a long bench near by placed to sit upon.

I would go there at night particularly to listen to the music of which I was very fond. Frequently I would walk through the gambling house quietly watching the bets and the gambling, which was a common thing at the time. I would then, after seeing the sights, take a seat and remain from one to three hours listening to the music and watching the people coming in and going out. I never saw but one gun-play in that place. There was a great scattering under the tables and out on the street. Fortunately no one was

killed. There was an old gambler whose table was the first in entering the house from the street. He was called "Uncle Jimmy," and was a very profane man.

I had learned that he had been a Methodist minister. He dealt Monte and would turn a card for the smallest amount of any gambler in the house. He had a great many Mexicans that gambled at his table, because the old man would allow small bets.

There were several churches in Marysville and I would attend church on the Sabbath morning. I have seen on several occasions, old Uncle Jimmy come to church and he would bring with him a bunch of small boys. Picked them up on the street. When the basket was passed for collection, he would always throw in not less than $5.00 and frequently $10.00. At night when the music commenced, old Uncle Jimmy was found at his post at the gambling table patronized by these Mexicans and it seemed that the old man delighted in cursing them for little things which occurred that did not suit him. I have stood and watched the old man, being amused and wondering what a character he was and having fallen from a Methodist preacher to a professional gambler. I asked the old man one day, why he took so many little boys to church.

He replied, "When I was a boy, I attended church and being fond of boys, I knew that the church was a good place for them to go."

I said, "Uncle Jimmy, I have understood that you had been a Methodist preacher and how is it that you have fallen from grace to be a noted gambler?" He said that the discovery of gold and the great greed of human nature to obtain the lucre and being surrounded and coming in contact with all classes of humanity and

the different devices for making money and away from the society that he had been used to, it looked like to him, that the devil could turn a man from the paths of honesty and virtue to do almost anything. I said, "It did look that way," and he said to me, "Young man, do you gamble?" He told me to keep clear of it as it may lead to ruin.

There were several theaters in town. I remember going to hear Ole Bull, the great violinist play. The tickets were $5.00. There were many minstrel shows. I attended those minstrel shows whenever I had an opportunity. I was amused at their anecdotes. Some of the boys would come to me and ask me to go with them to the show, and I would say, "No, I believe not tonight." They said to come on they would pay and it was worth that to hear me laugh.

Sometimes I would laugh so heartily at their pranks I would have to quit looking at them to relieve a pain in my side.

The first legislature that was convened in California met at Venitia, the capital, situated on the bay between Sacramento and San Francisco. My partner, Charles Thomas was a Democrat, and was elected from Onion valley in Plumas county to the legislature. The next summer I went to Venitia to visit him and the legislature. He was glad to meet me and introduced me to a number of the members. He said that the bulk of the members were going to San Francisco to spend the Sabbath. Told me that I must dress up. I was dressed very plain with my every day packing suit of clothes on. I bought me a handsome black suit and a silk hat, stovepipe.

After my change of dress, he said, "Mac, you are

all right, now you can join the crowd." We all had a pleasant time in San Francisco visiting different places of interest, and finally after enjoying ourselves very much the party returned. I went also to Marysville. At that time the river was quite low and a few boats running. I got off of the steamboat at Sacramento City and there was a stage or an omnibus running from there to Marysville, pulled by six horses. It carried inside and on top, about twenty-five passengers. I took a seat outside by the driver, and when this coach always arrived in Marysville at the old U. S. Hotel, there was quite a number of citizens to see who came in.

I got off on the sidewalk and Dick Erwin, Bob Love, John Easterlin, packer friends of mine, that ran large trains, were in the crowd waiting. As soon as they saw me one of them knocked my stovepipe off of my head to the street, and kicked it all to pieces, and remarked, "Mac, we don't allow no packers to come with that kind of a garb on." I laughed and said, "Boys, I don't care for the hat, but don't strip my clothes off of me here." They were all amused at the circumstance. The boys took me across the street, bought me a very beautiful brown Peruvian hat. Stiff hat, broad rim, low crown. I took good care of that hat. I lost it at sea later from the hurricane deck of a vessel, sailing for New York with about a dozen others who were sea sick.

Bob Love was one of the handsomest men, I believe, I ever saw. A jovial fellow with lots of money. He, with four others, got on a little spree one night in Marysville. They went to a restaurant to eat supper. As they came out Love bought a whole baked duck.

They were still feeling the effects of the liquor they had drunk. They walked down the street and entered a very large saloon, near the Arcade gambling house. It was kept by a large fleshy man, quite jovial, by the name of Jack Smith. The boys walked in and Love said, "Jack, I want to pawn this duck for drinks, we are out of money." He said, "All right, Bob." They took three drinks around before they left. The liquor was kept in old fashioned large decanters, not bottles. There was a very large costly looking glass back of the counter over the bottles, probably six to eight feet square. Love took hold of the decanter and remarked, "Jack, that is a fine looking glass." With that remark he threw the decanter, struck the mirror in the center and smashed it all to pieces. Smith looked at him, said nothing. Bob said, "Jack, good night." All left. Next morning, after they were over their spree, Bob Love walked down to the saloon. He walked in and said, "Jack, where is that fine looking glass that was there last night?" He said, "Bob, I guess you will have to answer your own question." He says, "How much was that glass worth?" Jack said, "He guessed, $500.00." Bob Love pulled $500.00 in gold out of his pocket and put it down on the counter. He said, "Jack, does that square us on that little business last night?" Jack said, "Everything is settled Bob, come again."

CHAPTER X.

That was the way such foolish things and costly things were often settled in those days. On one occasion I had just returned from the mountains and was at the U. S. hotel. There was a young man brought in and set down in a chair that had both of his legs cut off. It was a sad sight to look at one so young to meet with such an accident. I went to him and asked him how it happened. He told me he lost them by a threshing machine. He said, "I want to get back home to the States where I will be cared for as I can't work any more, but I have only a little money, not near enough to pay my passage." I said, if you will go with me I will take you to a place where I think I can raise the money for you. He agreed willingly to go. Two or three of us took him up to the New World, that large gambling house, not more than about two or three blocks. They had a stage fixed there for music.

They had a man employed by the name of Kelly who was a fine singer and violinist. His music drew great crowds. When we got there with this young man, Kelly was singing and the gambling hall was full. We set him upon the stage, facing the crowd, as the music was at one end of the building. I knew Kelly and after he was through with his song, I spoke to him and told him the circumstances of this young man, of the accident and we boys had brought him

there to try to raise enough money to pay his passage to New York. I said, "Kelly, I want you to sing a pathetic song and make a statement of this young man's condition and ask for a collection." He said he would do it. He sung a song that was called, "Not Old Dog Tray But Poor Dog Tray." Kelly was very fond of his drinks and I was told that he was limited to forty drinks a night without cost to himself but furnished by the gambling house. He remarked to the crowd that he would now sing them what he considered a beautiful song. Feeling pretty good, he sang it very softly and pathetically and after he got through, he stood up and called the attention of the crowd to the accident of this young man. He said, "My friends and gentlemen, open your hearts not with a dollar, but with fives, tens and twenties, as the hat is passed around to send this young man home." The hat was passed to almost every one in the house. The result was, that several hundred dollars in gold was in the hat. It was counted and found to be a plenty, not only for the passage, but to give him the necessary comforts on the route.

The young man was so affected at seeing the result of that collection and the hopes of reaching home that he shed tears as he thanked Kelly for singing and thanking us for bringing him to that place. Although the house was filled with gamblers yet there seemed to be a silence and a feeling of gloom and sorrow for a few moments, cast over the audience. In those days men were free, they were liberal, and a man scarcely ever suffered for the want of something to eat or a help in business or in charity. We carried the young man back to the hotel, he felt so grateful

and so thankful to us and it filled our hearts with joy to think that we helped him out. Next morning he was put on the stage and left for San Francisco, and we never heard of him again. The big gambler, Charley Cora, had left Marysville and gone to San Francisco. He looked like an Italian, very clear black eyes, a very heavy black moustache and dark hair. His wife or mistress, I do not know which, was a pretty woman and seemed very much devoted to him, as I had often seen her with him in the city.

During his stay in San Francisco he got into a quarrel with United States Marshal Richardson and killed him. He was at once arrested and put in jail. There was another man put in about the same time by the name of Casey who had killed a prominent newspaper man. The citizens were so incensed at these two murders and other shootings, stealings and depredations that occurred so often in San Francisco that a vigilance committee was formed and these two men were taken from prison, not waiting for the law, fearing that justice would not be meted out to them, and they were taken out and hung. This vigilance committee ordered all gamblers, thieves, robbers and vagabonds to leave the city or they would receive the same fate.

The result of that hanging, and the forming of that vigilance committee, the first that ever was formed in California, sent about 300 of the worst men in San Francisco out into the mountains, where they went to carry on their depredations, in which, in many instances they succeeded.

It was then that men all over California and the mines became watchful, fearing that the great trust

and honesty among the people which prevailed in the country, was passing away. Courts were slow being formed over the country and still slower in administering justice.

I remember the first man that I ever saw hanged. He had been stealing great quantities of goods out of Marysville, even by the wagon load. The penalty then for stealing was death. They took him out in an open space in the city, put a rope around his neck and hung him by strangling him. He was so frightened that he could not stand up and they had to lift him to tie his arms and put the rope around his neck. The poor fellow was so scared that he was nearly dead before they hung him. There was a tremendous crowd gathered to see that hanging. It was the first and the last hanging that I ever saw. My desire was never to witness another.

It had its good effect of justice being swiftly administered to the guilty. I don't remember of another man ever being hanged in Marysville. These men from San Francisco had scattered all through the mountains and they now commenced their depredations. They were the original western bandits, road agents and bad men.

It seemed that their influence had effect upon many others who joined them. I started with a safe to Onion Valley for my store to keep secure our own gold and the thousands of dollars that were left with us for safety on deposit, feeling that the shoe box under the counter we had used was not safe. I got within about three or four miles of Onion Valley and a snow storm prevented me from going further. I left the safe with a man that kept a little store and

eating house in which the miners passed in passing from one mine to another, and to keep it in use until I could get it to the store. The snow got very deep. On one occasion there were three men that came out from Rabbit Creek and stayed at this house all night. During the night there was a plot made with these men and the cook, to murder the proprietor and rob the safe. They did it and got about $1,200.00 in gold. They all left.

Men passing a few days afterwards found the house deserted. The proprietor and the cook were missing. Some of the miners concluded that the proprietor had been murdered by the cook and he had left. They immediately left searching for him and went as far as San Francisco. There they found him, helping load a cargo on a vessel to sail.

They arrested him and took him back again to the mountains where this murder was committed. He confessed, saying that these miners had killed the man and he was buried back of the cabin in the snow. The snow had drifted and was about 15 or 20 feet deep, and after murdering him they put ropes around his feet, body and neck, and drawing his limbs together in as small a bulk as they could, they buried him deep in the snow and found him just as the cook had told them. They bound this cook very securely, built a fire in the cabin and left one man to guard him. The others went to Rabbit's Creek and arrested two out of three of the men that had helped commit the deed. Quite a number of the miners got together and came up to this house with the prisoners. They soon decided what they would do, that they would hang the cook and the other two men. The cook was not very

much alarmed, thinking that as he had confessed they would let him loose, but not so, they got ropes, took the three men out and hung them on separate limbs some 50 to 100 yards apart, right along the trail.

They all dispersed, saying that they would meet at another day and cut them down and bury them.

They concluded it was best to let them hang a while to let it be known how quickly that justice had met the fate of these murderers. A day or two after that, three men came along the trail, father and two sons, and they had often heard of men being hung but never had seen any. They came to one of the men that was hung. They stopped with a little shock of surprise. One of the boys remarked, "Dad, look yonder. There is a man that has been hung." They hesitated a few moments and then went on with some remarks and soon came to the second man hanging. With a sudden stop and an exclamation of surprise and wonder, one of the boys remarked, "Let us go back." The old man remarked, "No, come on boys." On going a little further they found the third man, one of the boys remarked, "I'm off, you don't catch me on that trail any more." The old man, and the other son following, not knowing but what they might meet the same fate as these three men.

They got to the first place they could, where they gave an account of what they had seen, which was not news to the miners there. Some of the miners were amused as they told the circumstances, and one remarked:

"Well boys, they have been up there long enough, we had better go down and bury them." They went up and did so. That circumstance that happened there

at that time spread all over the country for hundreds of miles. It had its good effect, no doubt, for a while, but did not stop the desperadoes. On one occasion there was a man going from Onion Valley to Marysville afoot and alone. Near Strawberry Valley, in the timber, he was met by three Indians. That was the first murder that was known of, by the Indians, as that tribe of Diggers were not considered hostile. There were some other men on the trail and soon discovered the murder. These three Indians were soon caught. They were hung right in the timber where the deed was committed. The good Indians found out what had been done. They went and cut the Indians down, skinned the bottom of their feet, threw them in a bunch, piled dead timber of pine on them and burned them up. As they did not want their tribe to commit such deeds, and to show what would be the fate of others should they commit anything of the kind.

The result of this circumstance of the Indians resulted in that I never heard afterwards of a man being killed by a Digger Indian.

As I had to travel a great deal alone I became very watchful. The packers, in returning from the mountains with their money, were afraid to travel alone, and so they would manage to come out two, three and five together for protection. Finally the packers and others gave up, returning on their mules in the mountains, and would ride in the stage that often carried large amounts of money, and the stage would have a guard of men on horseback until it got through what was supposed to be dangerous. The stages were often held up and robbed of large amounts of money. Often men were killed in the attempt, and

occasionally a robber would get killed. I was one of five who owned a stage line which run to and from Onion and Marysville.

From Onion Valley to Marysville, the fare was $20.00. Occasionally a gambler would want to go from Onion Valley to Marysville, and vice versa, and sometimes would not have the money to pay. They were well known by the agents and proprietors and they were frequently trusted for their fare, which was always paid, the company never losing a cent. On one occasion I was going to the mountains and I met the stage and Bob Jordon, the driver, was a partner. He asked me, on my return, if I would stop at Leedom's ranch and bring a change of horses. I told him I would. On my return I had only $200.00 in gold with me, I was making a quick trip and I remember it well. I reached Leedom's ranch at noon. I was riding my fine mule, Bonita, I found a great many campers and miners scattered all around, nooning. I walked into the store attached to the little hotel and put my saddle pockets behind the counter. Of course I was seen by many of the campers as I went into the house. I rested a while, ate my dinner and told Leedom, one of the proprietors, that Bob Jordan wanted me to bring him a change of horses. He said he would go down to the pasture with me, after dinner, and help me cut them out and bring them up. It probably had been an hour and a half or two hours when I got the horses back to the road ready to start. On my return I found that all these campers had left. Occasionally I would hear the report of a gun which was a very common occurrence among miners, shooting at wild pigeons and at marks and other things.

I told Leedom that I would let Bonita loose and have a little rest, and ride one of the stage horses. We started the horses, and, having gone over the road so often, they were no trouble to drive.

I told Leedom that I could drive them alone and he could return. I trotted along slowly and at about two or three miles I had to ascend a little short hill and cross a ravine that was bridged. There was large pine timber and some undergrowth on either side of the road for a good many miles. The horses went down this short hill in a trot and run up some distance on the other side of a hill some hundred yards long before they commenced walking. I rode down and struck the bridge. Just then I heard the click of a gun and a cap was bursted. To my left almost secreted there was a man standing with a rifle in his hand. In an instant I threw my body on the neck of the horse on the opposite side from the man, went up the hill in a gallop, hollered at the other horses and went up the hill in a lope. No doubt this was one of the party who had seen me get off with my saddle pockets.

He may have known who I was or that I frequently carried a large amount of money. I am satisfied that it was his intention to kill me and if the saddle pockets did not fall off of the horse, was to catch him, get the money and put out through the timber, hiding for safety. The gun failed to go off and I escaped safely.

At that time I owned no pistol and never carried one unless it was borrowed, because I felt so safe in traveling. My cook was going to San Francisco. I sent by him to buy me a revolver. He bought me a very handsome one, with an ivory handle, that cost

him $75.00. I always felt safer with it, but fortunately never had to use it. On several occasions in a tight place knowing that I was armed probably saved my life or kept me from being shot. I never was much of a man for going armed, but it was a common practice in California, particularly about that time, for men to go armed all the time. I made frequent trips into the mountains to my store after that but never was robbed.

Thomas was elected the second time to the Legislature and a clerk by the name of Peck, who worked in Davis brothers' store, was elected State Senator. On one occasion he started to Marysville on his mule and had $5,000.00 in gold. He was striking for Leedom's ranch to stay all night. Coming along the road, some four or five miles from Leedom's, just before night, he was shot at, the ball going through the horn of the saddle. He put the spurs to his mule and rode very fast, reaching the ranch in safety.

He started the next morning for Marysville, arriving in due time with his money and without further accident.

After Thomas' last term in the Legislature he was appointed Deputy Inspector of the Port in San Francisco. His business was to go aboard the vessels and inspect the cargo as it was or before it was unloaded. He generally boarded on the vessel. On one occasion I went to San Francisco to buy goods and visit him. He took me aboard a vessel with him and I spent the night there. The vessel was owned by two gentlemen from France. I took breakfast with them. Their cargo almost entirely consisted of fine wines, liquors and cigars. We were two hours in eating breakfast.

The coffee was very fine and we drank from small cups of very fine china. The cigars were of the finest quality. The breakfast was finished by drinking a small wine glass of pure French brandy. Thomas and I were invited by these gentlemen to make a trip to France and return with them, free of all cost. It would have been a trip no doubt that we would have enjoyed very much, but our business was such that we had to decline the invitation.

CHAPTER XI.

A good cigar in those days cost half a dollar. My Mexicans smoked cigarettes all the time. They used cornshucks for a wrapper instead of paper. I seldom smoked them. I never did like cigarettes then and not even now. I would generally buy cigars. I carried them in the pocket of my flannel shirt. Vests were never worn then and my friends would meet me and would see the cigars in my pocket. They would put their hand on my breast where my cigars were and remark, "Mac, you are getting mighty fat," and out went all my cigars.

I soon found that if I wanted to continue that expensive luxury, I would have to keep my cigars in hiding, which I generally did.

On one occasion I loaded my train and they started for the mountains. I rode with them a little piece. I told them where to camp and I would overtake them that night or in the morning. They went on and I, intending to return, put up my mule and transacted some business in town that was not finished. I started to turn my mule around and she refused to turn. She wanted to follow the train and the bell mare. I was somewhat surprised and annoyed at her determination to go on. I talked kindly to her, but it seemed to have no effect. It was at the corner of the street that the train had turned to go out of town. I used my spurs quite freely, which I never had done before. Right

opposite the mule was a saloon and the door was open. Quite a number of men were watching me and the mule. Very suddenly she made a start and rushed into the saloon and I was still on her. The crowd followed me, laughing. I was surprised and amused at the incident.

The men rushed in and some of them knew me and said, "Mac, that mule wants a drink before she goes to the mountains." I remarked, "Boys, she has beat me." I threw a $20 gold piece on the counter, told the barkeeper to treat the crowd and what was left to keep it. The men all had a laugh and remarked, "Mac, you are pretty game." I then turned her from the saloon and she walked out quietly, seemed to yield to the guiding of my reins, and I took her to the stable and ordered old Bill to give her a good feed.

The boys in scattering over town told of the incident to others, and it was soon known by most every one what had occurred and friends often joked me, that the mule was determined I should have a drink before I went to the mountains. That ended the incident at the time, but was often mentioned to me afterwards.

I overtook the train the next morning and landed my goods safely. Thomas then was in San Francisco, Bob Turner had returned to Mississippi and I was anxious to go home. I had $22,000.00 in gold dust. One lump of gold taken out of Poor Man's Creek with some quartz in it, valued at $1,250.00, which I had kept to take home with me. Thomas and Mason rather opposed it, said that we were young and would soon make a $100,000.00 and to remain. I concluded not to go. Probably was a mistake the way things happened

afterwards. I told Mason that three of the boys that had crossed the plains with me were anxious to buy my train of mules. I believed that I would sell them and buy again. I finally sold them for a good price to Noble Herbert, Robert Blakemore, Charles and George Cunningham. Mules at that time had become plentiful and not so high as they were when I bought.

They were anxious to keep Carralis and a Mexican, one of my hands by the name of Joe. Blakemore and Herbert commenced packing to Shasta, where we first went in '49. The other two partners were in business elsewhere, turning their interests of the profit of the pack train to the other two boys that were running the train. They made several very successful trips, making large profits. A portion of the road that they traveled was quite lonely, but they passed near Bidwell's ranch. I went to San Francisco to see Thomas and had a talk with him and concluded to sell out our stores and stop merchandising and packing, as I had sold the train, and to take up headquarters on the ranch, resting and doing some gardening. The ranch soil was very fine for that business.

After closing out in the mountains, Mason joined me at the ranch. We had a pleasant time at the ranch and frequently visited Marysville, as it was only three miles. I still kept my mule, Bonita, and my horse and ox team, using them when necessary on the ranch. I built a nice house on the ranch, just on the bank of the river, close to some large oak trees that made fine shade.

We "batched" for a while and finally hired a man and his wife to cook and help on the ranch. They had no children. We raised great quantities of melons. I

remember once of a sale that we made—a whole steamboat load. He hired teams and it took him three days to haul the melons.

During the previous eighteen months I suffered a great deal with the chills and fever, which finally turned into dumb ague. I had fallen from the weight of 180 pounds to 135. The wife of the man I hired was very kind to me when I was suffering and would give me advice what to do, as her first husband had been a doctor.

The river got very high, from bank to bank, and there were a great many fine logs came floating down the river. Lumber at that time was very valuable. I told the boys to go out and catch all the logs they could and secure them. I would stand in the door and watch them. One day it was raining quite fast. I put on my overcoat, gum, and went out to where they were. The lady told me not to go. If I got wet it would probably kill me. I told her I might as well die that way as any, as the dumb ague would kill me some day.

I stood by a large oak tree and occasionally would take hold of a rope and help the boys secure the logs. They were anxious for me to go to the house, but I remained firm and stayed with them until it was time to stop work. They all felt anxious about me. I slept well that night. I felt no bad effects from going out in the rain. A reaction took place in my favor. From that hour I commenced improving, got well and have never had a chill from that day to this. My doctor told me that the reaction of course was in my favor and if it had gone the other way it would have killed me very soon. I soon became strong and got fleshy again and weighing my usual weight, 180 pounds.

Ed Hooper, who had crossed the plains with me, had rented a piece of ground on an adjoining ranch, and was successful in raising watermelons. He said he made more money at that than he did at mining. He would load his team with melons, go to the mining district, and would sell his melons as high as $5.00 apiece, making more money and faster than he did mining. Miners had plenty of money, cared nothing for the cost and were always anxious to get them. We would frequently gather large melons that would weigh 25 or 30 pounds, put them in the room under the bed —the nights were cool—and would often eat the best meat out of one of those melons before breakfast—never hurt us, but seemed to be healthy. I rented ten acres of ground to two brothers that were from Canada. They sowed it all in onions, which sold for high prices. The onions many of them were as large as a small saucer. I had a number of hands on the place at that time, putting up hay.

One day a swarm of grasshoppers came and lighting on the ranch commenced destroying the onions. I had myself about two acres. I collected all the hands on the ranch, cut willow switches from the bank of the river and we commenced fighting them faithfully. We hitched up two teams to wagons that had long hay frames on and went to an Indian village and brought as many Indians to the ranch as the wagon would hold, put them to work with the willow switches fighting the grasshoppers and got them stopped. They finally left the ranch. But before leaving they had destroyed a great quantity of onions, had eaten up some of those large onions almost entirely. We were successful in saving the bulk of the crop. The onions were gathered

and spread out under these tremendous oak trees in the grass and shade to cure. I succeeded myself in saving 1,500 bushels and sold them for $2.50 a bushel.

I had two fine milk cows. A neighbor and I had an agreement that each one of us was to keep up half of the partition fence. I told my neighbor that his fences were bad and he had better repair them to keep my cows off of his place. One day the cows were missed and could not be found anywhere and I knew of no place for them to escape from the ranch except the place in my neighbor's fence which he failed to keep up. I asked him if he had seen my cows and he said he had not. I learned that he had run them way out on the prairie. I sent the boys to look for them and after quite a search they found them on a little stream, and as it was warm weather and the cows had been gone several days when they brought them home their udders were spoiled. They were then useless for milkers. I accused him of running the cows off and claimed damages. He refused to pay me. Told him if he did not do so I would sue him. He used an oath and told me to go ahead. I did and secured judgment for $250.00. That was the first man that I had ever sued. He had to pay the money. The result of that suit was that it afterwards made him a very good neighbor.

I sold a stage man $500.00 worth of hay. Delivered to him in the stack on the ranch. I drew up the contract, it was signed and he paid me the money. Several times I saw him in town and told him that he had better haul his hay, as the rainy season would soon commence and the bottom overflow and he would lose his hay. He said that he would attend to it very soon. Soon after he sent over a number of teams and made

the first trip at hauling. That night it commenced raining and never ceased until the ranch was overflowed and the stacks were from two to three feet in the water. The heat went up through the hay and after the rain ceased and the ground dried off I found most of the hay ruined. I took my hands and commenced throwing off the spoiled hay and found a few tons in a large rick that was not injured. He sent his teams over again for hay. I told them that there was no hay there for them, as there was only a little left and I had to have that for my own stock. They returned and reported to him. I went to town the next day to see him and told him what had happened and he claimed what hay there was left and I refused to let him have it, saying that I had fulfilled my part of the contract and warned him to take the hay away before it rained and he had failed and it was not my fault.

He said if I did not furnish the balance of the hay he would sue me. I told him that I knew hay would be very high and I offered him a hundred dollars in gold. I did not owe him anything, but I did not want a law suit. He would not take it. I left him, met a lawyer that I knew and asked him if he would defend the suit, which he agreed to do for $50.00. I pulled out $100.00 in gold and told him that I had offered that to the man not to sue me. I said, "I do not care for the money. You defend me and win the suit." The case was tried and I beat him. He appealed; I beat again. The judge's decision was that I had faithfully fulfilled my contract, that it was an act of Providence that the hay was destroyed and it was the fault of the plaintiff in not hauling his hay away. Those two suits were the only ones I had in California and I won both of them.

I was summoned frequently as a juror. There was a large land suit tried before Judge Field, who was afterwards appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. On one occasion there were six jurors trying cases and the fee of each juror was $5.00 a case. We decided six cases that day, each juror making $30.00. The last case was a divorce suit. I knew the parties personally. Their lawyer was named McCarthy, the one who defended my law suit about the hay. This case was decided in favor of the woman. The jury came into the court room and the judge asked us if we had a verdict. I told him we had, being the foreman, and would hand the verdict to the clerk as soon as our fees were paid, which was the custom to be paid in advance before the decision of the jury was read. The lawyer looked at me and remarked that it was all right and would be attended to. I said, "No, sir; I will not hand in the verdict until I get the money." I felt satisfied that Mr. Mac would try to bulldoze us out of our fees because the case was a woman's and to save expense for her. The spectators laughed at my remark. The judge said to the lawyer, "Pay the jurors their fees." Which he did. The decision of the jury was read and McCarthy and his defendant of course were delighted. After court was dismissed for the day, McCarthy said to me, "Mac, what was the game you were playing on me about the fees?" I told him I did not intend to take any chances, for I knew he would try to bulldoze us out of our money. That was the last jury I was on except one big case of murder, when the accused was acquitted.

There were reports daily of rich mines being discovered in different parts of California. One was of

fabulous discovery of rich mines in Eureka in the northwestern part of the state near the line of Oregon. Mason was not particularly needed on the ranch and Thomas was still in San Francisco. He concluded that he would go to Eureka and prospect. It was a very long trip. He said if he found a rich claim he would write to me the result of his trip. I had had an offer of $3,000.00 for the ranch. Mason wrote to me that he had a rich claim and would remain. I wrote to him and told him that I would sell out the ranch and start as soon as I possibly could.

I sold the ranch and the stock and wrote to Mason immediately that I would start in a very few days. I wrote to Thomas what I had done and I got ready to start. I was taken with a severe attack of colic the night before I started. I had paid for my passage on the stage to Shasta City, 200 miles. The doctor blistered my stomach. I was relieved in the morning but was very sore. I fastened my clothes on me very loose, took the stage and reached Shasta, riding night and day. From Shasta to Eureka we had to go over the mountains and through the valleys of Trinidad and Scott mountains and valleys. There was a passenger train run over this route owned by a man by the name of George Greahouse.

Billy Burch, the great minstrel comedian, often traveled over that route to the town on this train of mules. I started the next morning and there were seventeen passengers and I was feeling very sore and tired. We had to travel single file, as the snow was quite deep on the route most of the way. Our stirrups would strike the snow frequently on the path. We crossed Trinity mountain, struck the valley, traveled

up it until we came to a mule stand, where the passengers were accommodated.

While eating my supper I became quite chilly and my hand shook so I could scarcely hold my cup of coffee. I left the table and asked the landlady, an elderly woman, for a bed. She gave me a good one, close to the office. I felt very badly, as the trip was very hard on me in my condition. The old lady was very kind to me, put extra cover on and tucked it very closely. She told me if I needed anything in the night to be sure and call her. I soon got warm and fell asleep and slept soundly until it was time for breakfast in the morning. I felt much better, renewed in strength, after my hard trip the previous day. We started all in good shape the next morning up the valley. The snow was from three to four feet deep and had been all the time on the trip, but a good path well beaten down. We soon struck the foot of Scott mountain and ascended and traveled on the side nearly all day. Reaching Scott Valley, another mule stand, just about night. I stood the trip pretty well that day. The place where we stopped was crowded with people. We ate supper, paying $1.50 a meal, not waiting half of them for a change of plates. Time came for retiring. There were not beds or bunks enough for all. The bunks were placed in a row beside the wall, three or four deep, one above the other. Part of the guests would sleep until midnight or 1 o'clock and then get up and give a chance to the others that had no bunk. They ascertained that I was not well and suffering and they kindly gave me a bunk all night and I was not disturbed. Next morning I still felt better and was improving. It was a still, calm, beautiful day, with sunshine. At that point we

left our mule train and took stages over another small mountain into Eureka.

We traveled some distance through the valley and commenced ascending the mountain, which was not very steep, reaching the top and traveled some distance on the divide. The trail was beaten down nicely by the travel. In ascending the mountain the drivers put to the hind wheels what they called chain cutters to cut the snow to hold the stage back off the horses in the place of a brake, which they could not use. Just about sundown we reached the hotel in Eureka, all delighted that we had made the trip. There were quite a crowd present at the time, among the number, to my delight, being my partner Mason, who had come each day thinking I might arrive.

The pleasure and delight of meeting each other was mutual. He took me to his room and almost the first thing after he entered the room he pulled from his pocket a little handful of lumps of pure coarse gold. He said, "Mac, that is from our claim which I got when prospecting. I have two partners, you and I owning half of the claim." Of course I felt delighted at the prospect. As we had both been miners, especially Mason, we knew how to work our claim. We talked over everything until late and retired. Knowing that I had gotten through safely and making a good strike out of the claim it seemed to encourage me. I slept soundly and I soon commenced recovering rapidly.

The next morning was another clear, beautiful sunshiny day. The surroundings were very pretty indeed. Mason told me of the very rich claims and discoveries that were there and the other mines near by. We had a comfortable little log cabin about 100 yards

from the claim, where we four were comfortably fixed for miners. I met the other two men and we all went to the claim to show me how it was situated and where we would work. This gold that they had was found by digging to what was called bedrock. The find was so rich and adjoining mines being rich also, the claim was staked out and filed.

There was about six feet of dirt what we called stripping that had to be washed away before we got to the pay dirt. The miners were waiting so a ditch could be finished that would convey an abundance of water for each claim to be worked. We had money enough, the four of us, to keep in grub about a month. By that time the snow had all melted away and we were out of money. We went to the company of the old ditch that was in there and we told of our condition and we wanted water enough to work one day. Above us several hundred yards the mines had been worked what was called surface diggings and it was only a few feet to what was called the bedrock. It was on Sunday, the only day that we could get any water, and we had to work. We commenced scratching the crevices of the rock and washing these old piles of tailings that had been thrown out of the sluice boxes from the first washing of the dirt. We worked all day and cleaned up a hundred and fifty dollars of nice gold, which gave us plenty of money to live off of until the new ditch came with an abundance of water.

During that time we had but little to do except arranging our sluice boxes and our arrangements that was necessary and placing them which was necessary to work until we got the water. We were down town almost every day around at different places, prospect-

ing and ascertaining what the miners were doing. That town was full of miners and full of gamblers. It was not unusual for several men to be killed during the day and night. One day there were seven killed, shot and stabbed at different places. One was killed close to me. A little after dark and we had walked down town and I had met a man and was talking to him. Right close to where we were talking a man was killed and the murderer escaped. These murderers would frequently get out of the country and get away. Some of them were tried and cleared, but never was any hung while I was there.

The new ditch was finished and we had plenty of water and commenced working our claim. I attended the sluice box, the other three digging and throwing off the dirt, until we got to the pay ground. A good flow of water and we soon got to taking out pay dirt. It was mostly coarse gold. I kept a tin cup by the side of me. I had a fork that was made especially for work in the cluice box to throw out gravel. I would frequently come across pieces the size of a marble and sometimes as big as half the size of a walnut. I picked them out with my fingers and held them up and showed them to the boys and then dropped them in the tin cup. After working a couple of weeks we made an average of each day's work and found it to be $52.00. We kept that up for a long time, making plenty of money. The two ditches were owned by different parties that brought in the water and one ditch was cut and the water was let out.

One day a man was arrested and put in jail. A crowd went to the jail to release him. We saw the mob going to the jail from our cabin and we went down to

see the result. There was a large mob. The sheriff had feared something of the kind and he went with his deputies to the jail. I was standing in the crowd not far from where the sheriff and his deputies were guarding the prisoner. He warned the mob to disperse. They refused and made a rush to break down the door. The shooting commenced. I ran around the jail where there was a little angle and I stood straight up in the corner with my hands close to my side. There were several men crippled and one shot dead. They secured their prisoner, the mob went off with him and the fight was soon ended. One man 200 yards from there was wounded, not seriously, by a stray bullet.

We boys returned home and I concluded that was the last mob I would ever get into, and it was. We worked most of the summer on our claim. Had a good stake of gold, our claim continuing to hold up rich all the time. There was news came in of a man who had discovered what was reported to be the richest mine that ever was discovered in California. He was keeping it a secret. Being a secret the miners believed there was truth in the report. They became so worked up about it that finally our boys got in the notion of trying to find the mine. They formed a company of twenty men. Had horses and pack mules loaded up with everything that was necessary for the trip, sold our claim for a good price and we started.

We traveled through the mountains and came to a stream which was called McCloud river—a beautiful stream that ran rapidly. We camped on that stream and prospected some on both sides and there was nobody at work there. Never saw a white man. There were quite a number of Indians came to our camp and

seemed to be friendly. We had one man in our crowd that could speak what was called the jargon language of these mountain Indians. He was an old mountaineer. He was our chief guide on the expedition. He talked to them and the only information that he could get pointing to the east and said, "Muche laho." Meaning a long ways was plenty of gold. There was no trail anywhere with the exception of Indian paths that ran from one mountain to the other and that of wild game and we simply took an easterly course over the mountains and through the valleys.

CHAPTER XII.

During this trip we passed through hundreds of acres of pine timber, the trees from 2 to 15 feet in diameter. Some places so close together that it was hardly a space for a wagon to get between them. We came across one tree that we measured that was 300 feet high, 54 feet in circumference and 18 feet in diameter. It was simply wonderful to see such an amount of fine pine timber and fir with it. I have no doubt that by this time that timber is being cut down and sawed into lumber.

We would talk matters over at night at camp and we all determined to push on until we found this mine if we could. We camped one night in a very pretty valley and the next morning it was snowing. Snowed at different times during the day and finally ceased entirely. A young man by the name of Louis Smith, from Kentucky, who was with us, says, "Mac, get your rifle and we will go out and get a deer." Some of the other boys took their guns and started out also. Smith traveled up the valley for about a mile and a half and came to the foothills or ridges, which are not very large.

We separated, after having agreed to signal to meet or come to the help of the other by whistling. I had not traveled very far, probably not more than half a mile, before I discovered a deer browsing under a pine tree. Where he was standing there was no snow.

I looked at him and saw it was quite a distance. But there was no way to get closer to him, fearing he would see me. I was standing by the side of a pine tree. I had a very fine rifle and there was a ridge between where I was standing and the deer, but I could see him plainly. I took a rest against the tree with my rifle and took sight a little above the heart. He was standing broadside to me. I fired and the deer made a spring out of sight. I could not tell what was the result, but I supposed it had run off and I had missed. Smith heard the shot and he came towards me, stopped and whistled. I answered him. In the meantime I started to load my rifle, which was with a ball and a patch, powder and a percussion cap. I had the buck ague so badly I could scarcely load my rifle as it was first deer that I had ever killed. Smith came to me and said, "Well, Mac, you have got him." I said I didn't know, as he was out of sight. He said he was lying in the little gulley stretched out on the snow.

He remarked to me that that was a long shot. We stepped it to where the deer was standing and it was 200 yards. My ball had penetrated the heart and killed him instantly. I felt quite proud of killing the first deer at that distance, but I never let on to Smith or the rest of the crowd that it was the first deer. Being down hill and not much snow on the ground we pulled into camp.

I thought it was a small deer when I first shot, but it was a big buck, weighing 200 pounds.

The next day it snowed a little again and we concluded to remain in camp. We dressed the deer and I remember that I took one of the hams, drove down two stakes in the ground, put across an iron rod which we

carried to hang things on to cook. I hung up that ham of the deer and run the knife across to put in salt and pepper to season it. I put a frying pan under the meat with a little strip of bacon in it and the drippings from the meat fell in the pan. It was snowing and I sat in the tent close to the fire most of the time and had a long stick to turn the ham around first one way and then the other, basting it with the drippings from the frying pan. It was a large ham and it roasted nicely. We made up our bread, had good flour and used yeast powders. We did not have any skillets, as they were too heavy to pack, and we used frying pans. I would make a cake of bread and put it in the frying pan and bake it until it was done sufficiently to support itself by leaning it against a rock in front of the coals and then put another cake in the frying pan. The bread would rise and cook nicely. Finally the ham was done, a sufficient number of cakes of bread cooked for the meal, a large pot of good coffee and nice gravy to use instead of butter. The meat was delicious. Everything was good and the boys all ate a hearty meal and enjoyed it. From that time on we generally had plenty of game and venison. In traveling the deer would run across the trail in front of us. Some of the boys would knock one down and take the best part of it, if we did not need it all, and take it into camp. We traveled on for several days, making our own trail, seeing something new every day and beautiful scenery. We enjoyed ourselves going across the country where a white man had never set his foot before.

We passed what was called the great Shasta mountain peak, from which flowed the headwaters of the Sacramento river. The water bubbled up from the

base of the mountain in a stream from eight to ten feet wide and about one to two feet deep. The greatest flow of water that I had ever seen from a spring, clear, pure, sweet and cold. No doubt our party was the discoverers of that stream, though other parties afterwards followed to that place.

We camped one day in a beautiful valley—all valleys were pretty those days—in the mountains and concluded that we would do a little washing, mending up things a little and rest a day or two. We were not in a rush and the boys decided to go out and try to kill a deer, as our meat was getting low. Four parties started out. Along in the evening they commenced coming in. Six of the party returned without having shot anything, tired and hungry. One of the boys was cutting down a pine tree close to camp. Smith remarked to me, "Mac, get your rifle and lets go out and find a deer." The boys said, "You will have your walk for nothing." The man cutting the tree said he would bet $5.00 that we would bring in a deer, for we had never missed yet.

We started up the valley and soon struck low hills and timber with a quantity of underbrush which was called greasewood. Some places there would be a space of ten to fifteen feet between the bushes. Then there would be 100 yards close together. We had separated, Smith to the left, and I to the right. I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile, if that far, working my way through the bushes, when I came to one of these vacant places. I stood a few minutes to look around and listen. Just then I heard the report of a gun to my right over the hill. I knew it was not Smith's gun. I looked to my right and I saw three deer bounding over

the bushes and in an instant they disappeared. Two of these deer came out into this where I was standing, very close to me. I was somewhat surprised at the sight and poked my rifle without taking aim and fired. I missed them and they bounded off immediately. I stood an instant in surprise and loaded my rifle very quickly and looked for the third one. I saw him standing beside a pine tree. His head and shoulders were out of sight, but his body from the shoulders back I could see plainly. I shot immediately, the bullet going through the loin, and I saw him go off crippled, having use of only his forefeet. I ran to him immediately without loading my rifle. He was a large buck with a fine head of horns. He would get tangled in the bushes every now and then and then get loose. He got along pretty fast on his forefeet. I was afraid to tackle him for fear he would injure me with his horns. Just then I heard Smith whistle and he was soon by my side. I said, "Louis, kill him; I am afraid to tackle him." He shot him dead. Of course we were delighted to get the deer. We took his insides out and tied his feet together and strung him up on our rifle, put the ends on our shoulders and packed him safely into camp. We were not gone over an hour and a half, if that long. The boys who had remained in camp all day gave us a cheer as we came in. Especially the one who wanted to make the $5.00 bet. We felt proud of our success and joked the boys a little about their failure to find any game. In a very few minutes later the last two men came in without anything. They said that they had shot at these three deer of course but missed them.

We rested the next day at that camp, but there was no hunting done, as we had plenty of meat. We

talked over our route and started again. The weather then was beautiful all the time, no more snow. The starlight and moonlight nights were beautiful. The nights were just cool enough to sleep under two blankets. Some of the boys were getting a little discouraged about not seeing any human beings, not finding any mines and not hearing or finding the man we were looking for, and several hundred miles away from where there was any settlement, way out in the wild Sierra Nevada mountains among Indians and bears.

Most of them were determined to go on until we struck the Sacramento river below Shasta if we did not discover any mines. We encouraged those that were despondent and soon all hands moved on. We camped one day at noon at the head of a little valley, with a small stream of water running through it and fine timber on either side. After we nooned the guide said to me, "Mac, get your rifle and we will go down on this side of the valley and maybe we will see some game." He told the other boys to cross the stream, which was small there, and travel down on the opposite side parallel with us. We traveled on probably a half mile or maybe further.

We came to a path that had gone into the valley; it was muddy as if it had been lately used. We followed that down about 200 yards. It wound through the chapparral. We came to this little stream, which was very deep at that place and about ten feet wide. Right on the opposite side from us there was a very large grizzly bear sitting up looking right at us. He looked almost as large as an ox. I raised my rifle instantly. The guide threw his hand out and struck the rifle up, saying, "Don't shoot." He turned and

broke for the timber that we had left, running almost as fast as an Indian. He was tall and I was short with a heavy rifle. I did not know but what the bear was following us. I made two steps to his one and kept up with him.

We reached the edge of the timber almost out of breath. I asked what made him run. "I was afraid if we only crippled the bear, being such a large one, that we were in danger of being torn to pieces. Hence I made for the timber." Being an old hunter he knew what he was talking about. We rested a few minutes, went a little further down the valley, then turned into the center of it again to the stream. The chaparral was thick and we watched very closely. We came to a tree that had blown down across it and we walked over on the log. There was more or less water scattered through the valley. We were picking our way carefully, watching for bear. We heard the boys whistle several times and soon saw them. When they saw us they commenced pointing in front of us. They were a little above to our left. We looked and saw two good sized black bears in front of us. We could not get a shot at them, as they kept going from us and the chaparral was too thick. In a few minutes we had crossed the valley and reached the bank among the pine timber where it was perfectly dry. As we came up on the bank the boys met us and down the bank on the trail we saw the two black bears, the large grizzly bear and two large elk.

The timber was quite thick and the guide and I went ahead cautiously, trying to get a shot. But we failed; the game no doubt saw us and got out of the way. We traveled on down this little stream and we

came across a young black bear asleep on a limb of a tree. The little fellow was shot and killed. The guide said it was a large cub. We packed it into camp, which we had made at the head of the noted Pit river valley, which we had heard of but had no idea that we would strike it. We made camp and commenced dressing the little bear, which we found very fat and nice. We did not eat any of the meat that night, but hung it up in the cool night air to take the animal heat out.

Just about the time supper was ready there were eight fine looking Indians came into camp from Pit river valley, which we were close to. They came in very cautiously to camp; they were armed with bows and arrows. They looked around the camp awhile and then the guide commenced talking to them, as he understood their language. He found out from them that there were no white men in that country; that they did not know of any mines anywhere around. They knew what gold was.

We had so far found several very good diggings by prospecting, but not rich enough to justify us in stopping, as we had this rich find in view. They told us that there were a great many Indians in Pit river valley. We soon found that they were counting how many men, how many mules and how many arms we had. Our guide noticed these things first and told us. They stayed until about dark. Four remained in camp and four left after we had given them something to eat and a little tobacco. We concluded it was safer to tie the mules up closer to the trees and put out a double guard, as we did not know what would happen. We put a man to watch these Indians. They slept quietly by the fire all night.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning we were up early and cooked the little bear, roasting the ribs and some of the meat on the coals and frying a lot of it to make gravy. The meat was very delicious, only a little too fat. We ate the most of it at that meal, packing what was left with us. Before we finished our meal four other Indians came in, not the same that had left us the night before. They invited us to go with them to their camp to trade for moccasins and deer skins. Some of the boys were anxious to go. I opposed it strongly and the guide said he did not believe it safe to go there. These eight Indians kept a little to themselves. The four that had stayed all night had left us. The four that had come in the morning stayed with us. We started down the valley along the skirting of the timber where there was a very plain path made by the Indians and game. Occasionally a point of the timber would run out for several hundred yards into the valley. But we would follow the path straight across this timber and soon strike another vacant place in the valley. As we struck one of these vacant places we discovered a fire across the valley in the timber that ran straight up several hundred feet. In a few minutes after that we saw a second fire run up a tree and a few minutes later a third one.

The guide remarked, "Boys, that is a signal the Indians make that there is an enemy in their country."

He said we must look out and not go where they were. In a few minutes we saw what we estimated to be about a thousand Indians some distance across the valley from us. We moved on our course down the valley. These four Indians still remained with us, having but little to say. Very soon we came where we could see the great Pitt river that ran through that beautiful valley. Just then to our right two Indians came bounding down the mountains.

One of them was one of the finest looking Indians I ever saw. All of these Indians were naked that we saw, with the exception of a clout around their waist. This fine looking Indian said if we did not get out of their country we would all be killed. Just then two Indians crossed the river in a canoe and took up through the timber on the opposite side. This fine looking Indian left us with a bound, jumped into the river, swam across, holding his bow and arrows above his head in one hand. Two of the Indians out of the four that had been with us all day left us immediately when they saw so many Indians. That left three with us including the Indian that swam the river. That made four.

We were a little alarmed and didn't know what would be the result of our trip through there and so we kept a very close watch. We traveled a little piece and camped for noon. We kept all of our arms loaded and where we could use them in an instant. Before we finished our dinner the Indian that had swam the river returned to our camp.

He thought that these two Indians belonged to another tribe, but found that they were of his own.

We started on down the river, finding a good trail

and the valley being from 1 to 500 yards wide in different places.

We camped for the night, making our camp where the Indians could not reach us with an arrow, as we believed they had no guns. We were very watchful. These four Indians went down to the river and they had a canoe there and they caught for us that evening nearly half a bushel of beautiful large mountain trout and brought them to camp. I don't remember how they caught them. Some of the boys walked to the river bank and could see large quantities of trout swimming in the water, which was very clear and deep. We had a great feast that night and morning of our mountain trout, which were delicious. Having out a double guard that night we passed through it peacefully, the sun shining brightly on our pathway. The scenery along the Pitt river was exceedingly beautiful. The trees had commenced budding on the warm side of the hills and flowers were peeping out, a variety which were pretty indeed but not very fragrant.

About 10 o'clock in the morning we came to a number of old graves and the Indians stopped and had quite a pow-wow over the graves. They said years before there had been quite a fight at that place and their dead were buried there. We nooned and found that the bluffs were shutting us in pretty close to the river and our path was becoming narrow and difficult to travel. Just about an hour by sun the path ran out. We could not travel on that side any more for the bluffs. We knew that we would have to cross the river. Two of the Indians left us, were not gone a great while, said they would go after a canoe and soon returned with one which they had hid along the river.

We crossed in the canoes and swam the horses and mules. We camped on a bar on the opposite side, where it was rocky and bare.

Just about dark there were six men came up the opposite side of the river from where we had crossed with packs on their backs and they called to us. One of the boys went down to the river and found that the man he talked to was a German.

They said they were prospecting and would go on up the river. That was the first white man we had seen since we left. We ate supper and tied the mules up close to camp, as there was no grass. After our beds were made down, we went to get our revolvers and belts and found two of them missing. We looked around and found them close by stuck in the hollow of a tree. We took them out and the guide remarked that that looked a little strange. We were getting used to such things and we put the Indians close to the fire by the log and put out a guard to watch them and the camp. I had made my bed down and laid my rifle by the side of me, loaded, pulled off my boots and slept with all my clothes on, thinking that I would be ready in case there was an alarm. About midnight I heard one of the guards holler out, "Shoot the rascals." Others heard it and we were all up instantly, but the Indians were gone. The guard said they had made a spring and all left in an instant. We scattered out, getting behind trees. Everything was very quiet except the rushing of the water over the rocks.

We thought the Indians had gotten us in that place and that we would be attacked and daylight was generally the time that they did it. I looked for my boots, but they were gone and I could not find them,

so I went out on guard in my stocking feet. We kept a good watch and of course were in great anxiety all the time.

Finally daybreak came, but still no Indians in sight. We did not stop to get breakfast, but concluded to pack up and strike for the top of the mountain as soon as we could get off. They had stolen my boots and had cut several straps from the pack saddles and the boys never saw them. We were detained a little fixing ropes in place of the straps on the saddles. Some of the boys were watching closely. One had a pair of shoes in his sack that he gave me which fortunately fitted me very nicely. When ready we started to climb the mountain, no trail. We wound around first to one side and then to the other, holding to bushes, and by noon we struck the top in a pretty valley, a large lake covered with wild geese and ducks and a great many eggs around the edge of the lake, which was something we had never seen before.

We were delighted to get such a good camping place and felt safe from the Indians. We gathered a great many of the eggs and found that most of them were fresh. We selected enough of nice fresh eggs and were all ready for a hearty breakfast, which we all took our time in eating. There was fine grass for the mules and we camped there for the night.

We talked over everything that evening and came to the conclusion that our effort to find the mines was a failure. We took our bearings and concluded that we were not a great many miles from the Sacramento river, where the main road ran from Shasta to Sacramento City, and concluded to strike for that point. We had traveled through the Sierra Nevada mountains

on that trip for several weeks so far and it certainly was very interesting, as we saw so much game, fine timber and beautiful scenery where white man had never set his foot before.

We started the next morning. Our course was south and it was mostly on a dividing ridge. Had a good trail and had a good camp that night. Started the next morning, still following the divide. Once as we looked across to the right and on the side of a smooth bluff we saw a large grizzly bear. He seemed to be intent with rooting in the ground with his paws and head.

Six of us, well armed, concluded we would go over and tackle him. We struck a little gulch that led us up to where we were out of view of the bear. We got pretty close and along on the side of that mountain there were a great many oak trees that the limbs grew out something like an old orchard. We got within shooting distance of the bear without his seeing us and we fired six rifle shots at him and he looked and saw us and commenced coming to us with his mouth wide open. We immediately climbed trees. He commenced shuffling off down the mountain, bleeding very profusely. We felt sure that he was fatally wounded.

We loaded our rifles and followed him down the hill. He led us into a little valley of thick chaparral, where he dropped and died.

We thought he would weigh about 1,500, the largest that we had ever seen. By that time it was dusk. We did not care for the meat and it was too late and too much trouble to secure and pack the hide and we left him. We soon reached the boys. They had watched us shooting the bear and following him down the hill.

We started on immediately and just about dark we fortunately found water and a good camp. In about three days we struck the Sacramento river.

We camped there for several days, resting up, and then we concluded to disband. Most of the boys decided to return to Eureka over the main road by the way that I had first traveled. Mason and one or two others concluded to go to Marysville. I returned to Eureka, taking the same conveyance that I had when I first went over. I went to my old claim and cabin, and the men had about worked their claim out and had done well. I attended to some little matters there, remained only one day and started for Marysville, my old home.

The express messenger was going out to Shasta City over the mountains with money. He had in the safe $60,000.00, which was lashed on the back of a mule let loose in front of him, the mule knowing the trail well without any halter on him, so he could not be easily caught or handled. The messenger was well armed. In fact both of us were.

It so happened that there were no passengers out that trip but myself and I traveled with him all the way. We camped in Trindad valley the second night. The next morning we commenced ascending the mountain. There was a plain trail and a great deal of travel. On the top of the mountain the trail was on what we called a divide, or backbone, and ran nearly all the way to Shasta City.

Ascending the mountain from the valley the mule with the treasure kept in front of us all the time. He said to me:

"Do you see that big log there by the side of the road?"

I told him I did.

"Right there I was coming up one morning and there were five passengers with me and I had $20,000.00 in the safe. All at once there were six highwaymen rose up behind that log with their guns and said, 'Halt! Hands up.' And jumped in front of us. The mule with the treasure ran by and went on up the trail. They robbed the passengers. One old man had $1,000.00 and a fine gold watch. He had started home to the states. I told them not to take the old man's watch. They let him keep it. I knew several of the men that were in the crowd, but I didn't know their names. They had traveled that trail I suppose with the intention of locating a place and a good opportunity for robbing the express. They took all of our mules and put us afoot. They started up the trail after the mule with the treasure. We followed them a piece and concluded it was not safe for us to travel in the road and we traveled on the side of the mountain parallel with the road and not far from it. Occasionally a man would slip to the path to see if these robbers were in sight anywhere. We never saw them again.

"In a few minutes after we got to the road we met a crowd of men coming from Shasta with our loose mules. They said that the mules had come in loose and the mule with the treasure box safe gone. The conclusion was that there had been a hold up. A lot of the citizens got together, armed themselves and came after us on into Shasta that night. Not seeing or hearing anything of the robbers and the money gone.

"The old man that had lost the $1,000.00 was very

much distressed, as it was all that he had and he was anxious to get home. The citizens were very kind and raised the old man the $1,000.00 that he had lost and gave it to him. It relieved his sorrow and disappointment was turned into joy and he left for San Francisco on his journey. That was a very exciting and tiresome trip to me."

I then left for Marysville, reaching there in due time, not seeing Mason, as he had gone over to our old ranch and was staying with the gentleman who had bought it and part of the time with Hooper, who was still there selling his watermelons in the mountains and making money.

I told my story of my adventure of the holdup crossing the mountains in which all seemed very much interested. Mason said, "Mac, I have something here to show you that I read in the paper. It looks a little distressing." It gave an account of a train of mules, some twenty-five or thirty, that had been running loose at Bidwell's ranch for some time and the mules were very fat and no one claimed them. I asked him if he had seen or heard of Herbert who had bought the pack train from me. He said he had not. I wrote to San Francisco to Washington, who was the president of our company when we crossed the plains and asked him if he had heard or seen anything of Herbert and Blakemore. I also told him about these mules at large at Bidwell's ranch. He wrote to me that Blakemore had gone home to Virginia on a visit and Herbert had been running the pack train alone and he had not heard from him for weeks and felt uneasy about him. I wrote to Washington and told him I would get on the stage and go to Bidwell's Bar and make an investi-

gation. Before starting however, I told Mason that we would buy another pack train not so large as the one we had had and go to packing again, which I did. The man who had bought the ranch was named Miller, a friend of mine, and he told me I could make that my headquarters without cost until I found a better location.

CHAPTER XIV.

I took the stage and landed at Bidwell's ranch. The Major was glad to see me. I asked him about the mules and he told me that such a lot of mules were there and had been for some weeks. I asked if he would have them driven up so I could see them, which he did. As soon as the mules came up I recognized them immediately as I had owned them and the boys had put a plain brand of their own on them, every brand alike.

I counted them and every mule was there that I sold them except two. Bidwell explained to me that there had been a train camped about a mile from his place on a little stream where there was a little stream and a cabin and some men lived in it. I went down to see them. And that there had been a train of mules camped there they thought about a week with a white man and only two Mexicans. One day he said that the men had disappeared, the mules were gone and the camps with everything there had been burned up.

I questioned these men very closely and I took dinner with them. I found hanging on the wall in the room where I ate a Topoko which was used for a blind on the mules while loading them and also as a whip to ride with.

I took it down and examined it and they said they had picked it up near the old camp. I was suspicious of these men thought probably they had something to

do with the disappearance of these men. I told them the best thing I could do was to take the mules home with me to Marysville. I bought a saddle and bridle, hired a man and took the mules to my old ranch near Marysville. Then I wrote to Charley Thomas, who was still in San Francisco, told him the whole circumstances, that I had returned from Eureka with Mason and told him to see Washington and tell him that I had the mules with me and for Charley to come up. He came and stayed there several days looking in every direction for Herbert. He hired some men and dragged the creek for a mile, but could find nothing. He came back and reported to Marysville. I told him that Mason and I were going to packing again, that we had bought another train and he returned to San Francisco.

Blakemore returned from Virginia, went to see Frank Washington and Frank told him of the disappearance of Herbert and that I had his mules on my ranch. Blakemore told Washington that he had had a dream that Corralis and Joe, the Mexicans, had murdered Herbert and robbed him of his money, which he supposed was about $3,000.00, as that was about what his trip amounted to. He said it worried him so that he made a hasty return to California. He came on to Marysville and there found Mason, myself and his mules. The whole thing was gone over and he was satisfied that Herbert had been murdered and they had disposed of his body and left the country. He concluded to go to packing his train, bought new riggings for the mules and we got our train started, sometimes had cargoes to the same place and other times different places. We kept that up all summer, making

money, and his two partners, the Cunninghams, also made money. There was a settlement made with Blakemore and they left for Virginia. On one trip we had a large cargo for Poor Man's creek. Each train took their share of the freight, and we camped in Onion valley on our return.

I still owned my fine pet mule Bonita, which I left with Mr. Miller when I went on my trip to Eureka. That night in our camp I had with me my old cook Augustine and he told us privately that one of Blakemore's men had made a plot to murder him and rob him of his money. It alarmed Blakemore. We traveled together on our trip, not taking the stage out of Onion valley, sleeping in a house at night and reached Marysville safely. It was the custom of these Mexicans as soon as they arrived in Marysville to go to the Spanish Fandangos and dance and drink. The greaser who had plotted to murder Blakemore was killed that night at a Spanish dance—stabbed to death.

He told me that he was afraid of the Mexicans and the first opportunity he had he intended to sell out, quit the packing business and go home. He made several trips, still making money, and in the fall he had an opportunity to sell his train, which he did, and left. I remained, still running my train.

A young man by the name of Davis was running a small pack train and he wanted some more mules. He bought $1,700.00 worth of mules. I knew him well and he said that he did not have the cash to pay me, but would do so on his return trip, that he had plenty of freight to make it and he needed the mules. I let him have the mules, expecting to get the money when he returned. We did not see anything of him and Mason and I wondered what had become of him.

Finally I heard that he had sold the whole outfit and sailed for the Bermuda islands and I lost the $1,700.00. I had spent by that time a great deal of my money.

I was not making it as fast as I did at first. So many teams were running into the mountains hauling freight. However, we kept the business up all winter and during the next summer. During this time, one day some five or six of the old timers that came across the plains with me met in Marysville. We got to talking what became of the boys. As near as we could make it out just half were alive and the others dead. Out of the 80 men. Several of these boys were getting ready to leave for home and did so. I commenced getting a little homesick for the first time in California.

Dick Erwin, one of the boys who had mashed my plug hat to pieces, was elected to the legislature, in Thomas's place. He asked me what had become of my black suit. That was just before I sold my ranch. He asked me if it was still good. I told him I never had put it on after wearing the suit that evening. He wanted it. I gave it to him and it fitted him very nicely, and was as good as new. That was the last of my fine suit. On one occasion I saw a Mexican saddle. It was the most gorgeous outlay I ever saw, valued at three thousand dollars. Silver horn, silver stirrups and all buckles were silver. A large cover was over the saddle and lined and worked all over with silver. It was put up on raffle and $3,000.00 worth of tickets sold.

By this time everything was getting cheaper in California. Thousands of acres of wheat, mills had started, flour was cheap, plenty of fowl, and fruit and wine was so cheap that they would set it on the table

in restaurants to drink in the place of water, if the guests so desired it.

John C. Fall, a merchant in Marysville, had made a great deal of money. He started home and had $60,000.00 in gold in a little safe. I helped him put it on a coach to go to Sacramento. He told me when he left Ohio it was with a yoke of oxen and a cart with a small company across the plains and his team was attached for debt. He owed a good deal of money. The company knew him and helped him out. He said he was going home and pay his debts. He afterwards returned and told me he had paid every dollar he owed in the world. While Thomas was a member of the legislature he became acquainted with a very beautiful Spanish woman, who was a widow and the daughter of an old Mexican, a member of the legislature. He finally married this widow and settled on her fine ranch.

The placer mines were getting well worked out in many places. Miners commenced going into the quartz mining establishing mills to crush the rock and also tunneling into the mountains. Using hydraulic pressure of water and washing away almost side of mountains. They made thousands of dollars by running the dirt through long rows of sluice boxes. They would find rich mines where there was no water ditches and flumes were made to carry the water around the sides of the mountain.

The flumes in some instances crossing the canons were from 100 to 200 feet high, built on framework. These ditches cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and the companies who built them made immense amounts of money for they charged exhorbitant prices for their work. There was a large ledge or quartz

rock discovered some six miles from Onion valley. I had a fourth interest in the discovery. I did not feel like going to expense or working, not knowing how rich it was and gave it up. I learned afterwards, from a letter received from California, that the mine had sold for a million dollars. Young Mason was a very intelligent man and a fine writer and composed beautiful poetry. His first love he was engaged to when he left Brooklyn, New York, when he left for California. She would not wait for him and he received news from his grandmother that she had married a rich banker. He said he would never go back again. He corresponded with me after I got home for quite a while. On one occasion he wrote me a letter of sixteen pages of foolscap. I don't remember of ever reading such a letter. Mason later married a very nice girl. And he got to drinking. One morning he was found frozen to death.

Thomas, who was also disappointed in his love, said he would never go back again to his home and he never did, for he died in California.

So they passed away. One by one. A few days ago I received a letter from William Risler who lives in Cooper County, Missouri, telling me that he believed that as far as he could learn, and he had kept a good account, that of the eighty men that crossed the plains in our company in '49 that but he and I were alive. The next summer Hooper made up his mind to return to Virginia. This was in the year '56 and I sold out all of my packing interest and disposing of my pet mule, Bonita, grieved me so much as she had taken me through snow storms and floods safely for five years. I understood her so well that it seemed as if she would talk to me.

One young man in our company crossing the plains that belonged to my mess was Enos Daugherty. He was a very handsome young man. In the early days on our trip he lost his grit, nerve, and became homesick. We did all we could to cheer him up. My mess would take turns in standing his guard to help him out. When we got through to California he appeared to have no energy to try to go to the mines, but wanted to go home. I did not remember who he went with. But I heard he started home and his grief still was so great and he had it so long that he died before he reached home.

CHAPTER XV.

I finally made up my mind to sell out everything and start for home also. I had not near the amount of money that I once had. I determined to go and return again. I had received letters pretty regularly from home. We boys would often stand in a row of a Sunday morning in the mines as much as three hundred deep waiting for our turn to get to the office to get a letter. Frequently after a wait of one to two two hours we would fail to hear from home. My letters were mostly from my mother, full of affection and love, hoping soon to see her California boy. I wrote very regularly to my mother. She wrote me that the family had moved to Missouri in the fall of '49 and I had left in the spring. When I returned she wrote where they lived and how to get to their home way up in Missouri.

These letters with other things combined commenced making me homesick. I heard from her about a year after I reached California that my old sweetheart's husband had died about six months after I left for California. I would hear from home in different letters stating that she was still a widow. That was another thing that made me wish to return as I hoped to see her again. One day I met Hooper. He had sold out and I had already done so and he told me he was going to start for home. One pretty morning we took our little baggage, put it in the stage, rode to Sacramento, having bid Marysville and all my

friends that I knew, good bye, landed in Sacramento which, then, was a large city, and took a steamboat for San Francisco. Going down the bay just after dark we could see the lights all over the city which was on a high hill. It was a lovely sight. The air was so cold when out on the deck that it was necessary to wear an overcoat. While in Frisco we had an opportunity to go all over the city and see the great changes that had taken place there in six years. At that time they were filling in the bay and extending the city out on to the new made land. They would sink old barges and boats filled in with garbage and dirt and rock, great land was high and very valuable. We learned that many very expensive law suits about the title of the land was constantly going on. In a few years they had narrowed the bay where the boats crossed to Oakland, which then was getting to be a large city also. San Francisco was settled up by Mexicans and French. Many of them owned large grants along the coast. I had an opportunity to hear the details of the hanging of Cora and Casey by the vigilance committee and the running of 300 of the gamblers and rogues out of this city, which made a great change in the place and order in the town.

Our vessel was ready to sail to New York the 24th day of November, '56. It was the "Golden Gate" that we left on. It was a pretty morning and as usual there were a great many people at the wharf to see the boat off. We went aboard, got our staterooms, and in a little while the boat was off. Steaming up the bay and passing through Golden Gate, out onto the broad Pacific Ocean. The sea was calm and continued so all the way to Panama with the exception of a short gale lasting a few hours and not severe. I never was

at sea before. I felt, before starting, the anxiety and pleasure of reaching home would destroy all fear of the journey on the oceans. I nerved myself up, trying not to be a coward, and that I had always these years since I parted with my father at Harpers Ferry, and giving me the Bible and hymn book and his words of advice and blessings, I could always commit myself into the hands of the Lord, believing in the Scripture which said:

"The prayers of the righteous availeth much."

I felt that the prayers of my father and mother and my friends, for my safe return, would be heard.

I soon became acquainted with a number of the passengers. Among the number were five men going to the western part of Missouri. One man living in Buchanan County, not far from St. Joseph, his home was in Marysville. He had an Indian with him, a youth, that had lived with him in California, and he was taking him home. There were no coppers in California, I never saw one. The currency at that time was silver, coined gold and gold dust. Before we reached New York this little crowd of seven men with myself, in buying things on the steamer, Panama, Aspinwall and other places, we got in change a great many coppers. It looked strange to us then.

These coppers were the old one cent pieces large as a quarter. We gave them all to the Indian boy and when we separated this boy had about a quart, probably more, of coppers stored away in a little sack. He was delighted with his treasure and we would often see him counting it, and he thought he was the richest man on the steamer. Our first landing was at Tehauntepec, and the only one until we reached Panama. There the boat took on supplies. There were a great

many of the natives that swam around the boat in the ocean. They were Kanakas, perfect waterdogs.

The passengers collected on the hurricane deck to look at these swimmers and they would throw in dimes and quarters and they would dive for the money and get it every time and hold it up in their fingers to show that they got it. It was quite interesting to see the natives perform these tricks. They brought quite a number of delicious oranges on board the vessel to sell and the passengers bought many. After leaving that port, there were times that we sailed close enough to the coast to see great orchards of wild orange trees. One day we saw a very large whale spouting, throwing the water high in the air. We watched him quite a while and the vessel went close enough to allow us a good look. The Pacific ocean was so smooth and calm that most of the passengers escaped sea sickness. I felt the effects to a certain extent but not enough for me to run out and holler New York in the ocean. Most every one seemed to enjoy themselves with cheerful and hopeful thoughts of reaching home. We finally reached Panama, anchored out some distance from shore, and the passengers and baggage were hauled to shore on barges, where we took the railroad across to Aspinwall.

When we started to the railroad native soldiers were stationed on either side of us and made to walk direct to the cars. That was done because, previous to that, the passengers would buy fruit from the natives and would often kick their tables and get into trouble. To avoid this in the future they made them walk direct to the cars. The train was run by natives. No water to drink without buying it. I bought a bot-

tle for 25 cents and it was so warm I drank a little and threw the bottle away. We landed in Aspinwall before night.

It was a pretty place, built mostly of adobes, and many houses covered with the cane. The native women would walk the street, meet the passengers with fruits, candies, pies and such things to sell. They had it in trays on their heads. We spent the night in Aspinwall, amused ourselves in different ways seeing the sights. The next morning we took the steamer for New York, the old "George Law" was the name of the vessel. Part of the passengers taking a steamer at the same time for New Orleans. We started out, the two vessels running close together, the passengers waving at each other nearly all day. The New Orleans boat had a monkey. The vessels were close together and this monkey was performing on the hurricane deck amusing the passengers on both boats. They finally got up steam pretty high and the boats were racing. It did not last long however, for the place was soon reached where the direction of the steamers was different, and they separated. The passengers on the boats waving their hats and handkerchiefs at each other bidding farewell.

The sea, from the start, in the Atlantic ocean, was very rough. It was not long before the passengers commenced rushing to the hurricane deck as much as a hundred and fifty at one time around on the top of the vessel holding on the railings and hollering "New York." Many of the passengers were so sick they would holler:

"Throw me overboard and let me drown, or take a gun and shoot me."

I was getting sick also, but my stomach stubbornly refused to join the great crowd in hollering "New York." The cool breeze would partially relieve this sickness and I would return to my stateroom, and after being there a while I had again to go to the hurricane deck. I repeated these little trips three times. On the third trip the work commenced with me. When I was through I felt as limber as a rag and felt as if I was not more than two or three inches through the body.

The first time I went on the hurricane deck with this sickness the wind swept away my $16.00 Peruvian hat that I thought so much of, that the boys gave me and knew that it would be something new back home. It went sailing through the breakers and that was the last of it. This sickness kept up for several days among the passengers. Finally all got over it. They then enjoyed fine health and had a ravenous appetite.

We were well fed. I failed to mention there was a chorus of about 40 good singers and musicians aboard who would meet upon the hurricane deck on a calm moonlight night and sing for hours. It was very delightful indeed to pass away the long evening. One song I remember, "Home again from a Foreign Shore," became very popular.

The Atlantic ocean was rough almost every day. On the vessel we had an old gentleman returning home that had made a great deal of money handling the red wood, the big timber of California. He told some marvelous stories of the size of these trees and the money that he had made out of it. I presume that he told the truth as I knew something about this timber myself and so many things that happened of such a marvelous character in California, I had no doubt he

was correct in his stories. As we were passing not far from the coast of Cape Hatteras, a point where always the storms were severe, we struck one, and our vessel was old, and as we learned afterwards, was not seaworthy.

In this great storm the vessel, instead of riding the waves, got into the trough and the water splashed over the hurricane deck. It was cold weather. Some of the sailors were lashed on board to keep from being washed off into the ocean. The vessel would roll on its side until the main mast would dip the water.

The tables were on swings in the dining hall. Furniture was upset, table ware was smashed, the most of the passengers became alarmed, women and children would scream. This old gentleman that had been telling his stories of the red wood timber was so badly frightened that he remarked that all would be lost and he would never expect to see his home and enjoy the rich rewards of his labor in California. For some cause I was not alarmed, as I had stated before, I had perfect confidence in the Providence of God and that I would reach home.

This fear and cowardice of the sea that I thought I would have when I first started, I would truthfully say this never came to me in a serious manner. I will say, however, that some nights I would go alone on the hurricane deck and sit until quite late, enjoying the beautiful moonlight nights in deep thought. All was quiet and still, not a sound was heard but the night watch bell that rang every half hour. When I would hear the still midnight watch bell ring 12:00 o'clock I would leave and have these thoughts vanish from my mind, and quietly return to my stateroom and

commit my body to the only One that could save us and safely land us home.

During this fearful storm on the old George Law I walked up to the prop of the gangway and looked out on the hurricane deck. I had to hold tight. It was a fearful sight to see the water sweeping over. I was listening to the smashing of furniture and table ware, and the screams of the passengers. I will say, honestly, that I did not feel alarmed but thought it was a grand sight, but one that I hoped would soon be over and never see again. Our captain, Mr. Herndon, stood bravely at the pilot wheel for 36 hours with firmness, guiding the vessel through this great storm. After hours we passed through it all safely without the loss of a man.

There was a young man that started from California. He was consumptive and a Mason. His passage was paid to Panama, and from Aspinwall the passengers raised money enough to pay his passage to New York. At that time, during this storm or before the storm, he had died and his remains were wrapped up and securely fastened upon the hurricane deck. The weather was cool, and being a Mason, instead of burying him in the sea which was the custom, the captain was prevailed upon to take the body to New York. The balance of the journey to New York was made without any more storms, but the swell was rough all the way. On the return trip this old vessel's name was changed to "Central America." Later, leaving Aspinwall with a hundred and fifty or two hundred passengers for New York, this old vessel was wrecked off of Cape Hatteras, about the same place that we were in that storm. The passengers were all lost save two or three that were saved by getting

on a portion of the wreck and holding on until they were picked up and saved.

Among the number was the great comedian, Billy Burch. He was at sea eight days after the wreck before he was rescued. There was another passenger aboard by the name of James Burch, a very rich man. He was the most extensive stage man in California. When the vessel sank he was standing with a cloak wrapped around his body, standing by the side of Captain Herndon who remained at his post until the vessel went down. He and Burch went down together, the latter smoking a cigar. When I heard of the loss of this vessel it was natural for me to be thankful that I had escaped that great disaster which soon after followed the great storm that we were in. When we landed at the wharf in New York there was a great deal of ice. Our little crowd had in their hands what little baggage we had and was standing ready. The vessel struck the wharf and failed, after an attempt, to secure the landing with ropes. We found that we could make the landing by jumping, which we all did and landed on the wharf safely, and the vessel swung out again into the ocean. It was sometime before they could make the boat secure enough for all the party to land. Our little party went to a nice hotel, to our delight and pleasure of being landed safely and not far from our homes was such that we failed almost by word to express our feelings at that time.

After taking a rest we all went out to take a stroll and look at the city. We spent the afternoon mostly on the streets. We met a number of the passengers on the street and some at the hotel, and they gave us an account of how they landed and saying how smart we were to get off at the first landing. That

night the boys proposed going to the theater. We all went, enjoyed it, and when the curtain would drop we would slip down and get a mess of oysters. I think we repeated that three times before we retired that night. Some of the oysters were half as large as a man's hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning we took the cars for Philadelphia where we remained a week to have our gold dust coined. At that time I thought Philadelphia was the prettiest city I had ever seen. We had time enough to look at everything that was of interest in the city. There we had time enough to select and buy all the nice clothes that we needed. Discarding all of our old California clothes.

After our gold was coined we started for St. Louis, Missouri. Saturday night we came to a little town in Illinois where we changed cars but had to remain over until Monday—at that time the cars would not run on Sunday. We all went to church which we all enjoyed, being the first time that some of them had been in a church since they left their homes. The basket was passed around and it looked as if there was quite a collection taken up. When we returned to the hotel for dinner the proprietor asked us if the basket had been passed around for a collection, and we told him it had.

He said that there were so many passengers from California that had to remain there over Sunday, and go to church, the officials of the church could almost tell when a crowd came in that they were Californians as they went there so often and they never failed to take up a collection and would sometimes state that they were having a special collection for the church. They would take in a great deal of money, and we

told him that they must have known us as they did not fail to take up a collection.

The next morning, Monday, we boarded the train for St. Louis. It was the coldest weather that I ever experienced. It was almost impossible to keep the coaches warm. I presume we thought it colder than it really was, having left such a delightful climate in California. However, it was so cold that the tanks would freeze up and they could not get water enough to run the engine and would lose many hours of traveling on that account. We stood the cold well, however. I had commenced wearing cotton socks in California and had worn them up to this date, believing that my feet really kept warmer in the cotton ones than in the woolen ones. We passed through Indianapolis, a pretty town then, and finally reached St. Louis. I could scarcely realize in eight years the change that had been made in the size and improvement of that city. It seemed wonderful to me as I had passed through it in '49 and remembered it well. At that point the boys all left me to go to their respective homes.

We bade each other a farewell with joyous hopes of meeting our friends, and of some future time of seeing each other again. As I have stated, I had received letters from mother telling me definitely how to reach their home. My mother wrote that they lived twelve or fourteen miles north of Hermann, on the Missouri river. They had built their home on the prairie, father had entered and purchased a great deal of land at $1.25 per acre. Two miles from father's house, in sight, across the prairie, my oldest brother John, and a brother Wallace were living, and near them was a neighbor of theirs living by the name of James. They said I would have to take the Missouri

Pacific railroad to Hermann and there get a horse to ride home, and the first house I struck on the prairie would be Mr. James' house and he would tell me where they lived, or I could see the houses from his home as she had described in her letter. My anxiety at St. Louis was great, so impatient at the expectation of seeing my dear father and mother that I could scarcely wait to get home.

I took the cars from St. Louis in the morning and reached Hermann about 1 or 2 o'clock, where the passengers took dinner. My mother told me to cross the river and go to the Talbots and Mures, who owned large plantations along the Missouri river, and were very rich. There I could get a horse to ride home. After I ate my dinner I asked the landlord, he was a German, if he knew the Talbots and Mures and he said he did, and said to me, "There stands two of the young men now." That was in the hotel. Hermann was situated right on the bank of the Missouri river. I went to these two gentlemen, I did not tell them my name but asked them if they would hire me a horse to go out on the prairie some twelve or fourteen miles. They told me they had none to hire. I then returned to the old landlord, asked him if he had a horse to hire as I wanted to go out on the prairie. He asked me where I wanted to go and I told him that I wanted to go to Mortimer McIlhany's, that he was my father and I had just returned from California. He, with an exclamation of surprise, "Is it possible that you are the California boy?" He took me by the hand and told me he knew my father and brothers were well. He said he had no horse to hire to me but would let me have a good mule. I told him to please saddle the

mule as it would be all right as I had been riding a mule for six or seven years.

The two young men, Ed Mure and David Talbot, heard the conversation and they walked right up to me and took me by the hand and remarked how glad they were to see me, and they had no idea who I was when I asked for the horse. They insisted on my going home with them and spending the night, and in the morning they would furnish me a horse and a negro boy to accompany me and bring the horse home. I thanked them and told them that I had secured a mule and that I was anxious to be with my father and mother that night.

They gave me a very cordial invitation to visit them as soon as I could, at the same time giving me plain direction where to strike the road, after crossing the river, that would take me home. The mule was brought out, saddled and bridled; it was a sorrel and immediately brought to memory Bonita, my great and faithful mule that I had sold in California. I asked the old gentleman for a pair of spurs and he gave them to me. The river was frozen solid and teams had been crossing for a month. The wagon road that led to the crossing was about one hundred yards above the hotel. There was a foot path down the steep bank that was made by footmen as a cutoff to the wagon road that crossed the river. The water at that time was running over the ice and over the road and was from one to two and three inches deep in many places. They remarked to me that they thought there was no danger to cross as the ice had no time to commence to weaken. I had on a thick overcoat and a cap to protect my ears from the cold. There

were about fifty people in and around the hotel. I told them all goodbye and jumped my mule.

Instead of riding up to the wagon road to go down I slammed the mule and made him take that steep path down the bank and followed it to the wagon road. I heard the remark from one man, that it was a dangerous move. Another one remarked that's a Californian that crossed the plains, he knows what he is doing. I struck the road and put that mule in a gallop and kept that gait every foot of the way until I struck the bank on the other side. I looked back and this crowd of men was still standing on the opposite bank watching me. I pulled off my cap and waved it over my head and a similar response came from nearly the whole crowd on the opposite side. It was a very cold evening, snow on the ground. I traveled through the timber for seven miles and came to a store kept by a German. I was chilly. I went in, spoke to him and asked if I was on the right road to Mr. McIlhany's. He said I was and it was about seven miles home, and told me I could see the house as soon as I left the timber and entered the prairie. I told him that I was young McIlhany, just returned from California. He was very glad to see me and said he heard my brothers speak of me so often. He said he knew my father well and that my brothers were great hunters. He asked me if I ever drank anything. I told him that I very seldom touched liquor. He said, "You're not used to this cold weather and you had better take a little before you start out, which I did. I bid him goodbye, ascended a hill some quarter of a mile long, not very steep, struck a level road, put mule in a lope till I struck the prairie. I recognized the house

immediately. It was a new house built on the prairie and not fenced in.

I rode up to the house and there was a negro girl milking. I spoke to her and asked her if Mr. McIlhany was at home. She said he was not and said he would be back that evening. I asked her her name and she told me. I then told her who I was. She raised both hands with an exclamation, and it was done so suddenly that she upset her bucket of milk, and said: "My God, Massa Edward, how glad all will be to see you." I asked who that was over there running a fan in a mill and she said it was John Marlowe cleaning up wheat. I remained with her only a minute and rode up to where Mr. John Marlowe was at work, which was only a few steps from the fence. He saw me ride up and I spoke to him, calling him by name, and asked him if he knew me. He said he did not.

I said, "Don't you know me?" and he said, "No, sir; who are you?" He was a man that weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and had been a school mate of mine in Virginia. I said, "Well, when we were school boys together you were so large I had to jump up on top of your back to fight you."

I said, "Now you remember Ed McIlhany, don't you?" He came to me immediately with both hands up and grabbed me.

He said, "My God, Ed, when did you get home?" I told him I had just arrived. He said, "I must go quick and tell your mother." I said, "John you must be very careful how you let mother know that I have returned." I had learned that her health was feeble to what it had been and I did not want the shock to affect her, and to make her sick. He started off on a fast walk and a little trot. I rode my mule slow, fol-

lowing him. He reached a corn crib not far from the house where Brother Douglass was feeding some hogs. John excitedly remarked, "Douglass your brother has come home." Douglass told him to go away with his foolishness. John said it was the truth as I was coming on my mule. I was changed then, twenty-seven years old and wore a very heavy dark moustache, no beard. Was clean shaven when I left for California.

I rode up and spoke to Douglass and he came up and grasped my hand and remarked, "Is it possible Brother Ed, that you are home safe?" Marlowe went to the house. It was then almost dark. Mother was sitting by the fire which had burned down to a very bright warm bed of coals. No light had been made in the house.

Marlowe said, "Mrs. McIlhany, some one is coming." She said, "Yes, I suppose, there is always some one coming." The house was on a public road and there was not many places of accommodation. My father would keep travelers more for accommodation than for profit. John remarked, "But, Mrs. McIlhany, this is somebody that you have not seen for years, now don't you become excited." She said, "John, what do you mean, is Edward coming?" He said, "Yes, now Mrs. McIlhany do keep quiet and he will be here in a few minutes." My youngest sister, Lutie, a very beautiful girl about seventeen years of age then came running out. She threw her arms about me and commenced crying for joy, "Oh Brother Ed your coming will almost kill mother with joy." I walked in, mother looked at me and exclaimed, "Oh my dear boy!" and fainted. We rubbed her hands, bathed her face with water and she soon recovered. She put her arms around me, held me close to her bosom and gave me

kiss after kiss, exclaiming, "My dear boy, my dear child, you are again safe at home!" Douglass came in immediately and my cup was full and running over with joy after that perilous trip that I was again within the shelter of my own home.

Father was not at home just then and they all would look at me and remark the change in my looks.

CHAPTER XVII.

I suppose it was about a half an hour we sat there talking, still no candle had been lit, nothing but the firelight, and my dear old father came in. He looked at me and remarked, "Mort, when did you come down?" He thought I was his son from Mexico, Missouri. I made no answer and the others sat quite still. Father took a second look, seeing that all was so quiet, and he immediately recognized me, stepped up and took me in his arms and said, "Oh this is my California boy." He took his seat, put his head between his hands and I think we were all so quiet that he was offering up a silent prayer as he was a great Christian man. Finally he sat up, and said, "Edward are you well, and when did you get home?" He said, "How hearty and well you look." We all sat and conversed a few minutes and then Brother John, the oldest son, and another brother, Wallace, came in. Then the conversation was general, with a great many questions and answers from me. A few minutes after that in came Dr. Adams, father's family physician, who lived five miles from the county seat, Danville, where I had a brother teaching school, and a brother-in-law. I was introduced to the doctor and he seemed glad to see me as he had heard the family speak of me so often. He said he had just dropped in to warm and he must hurry on home. He reached Danville and early in the evening he went into a large dry goods store where many of the citizens would meet of an evening and

talk. Two that were there were my brother and brother-in-law. He told them he had just seen somebody they would be glad to see and told them who it was, and most of them that were in the room knew of me because of the acquaintance in my father's family.

The next morning early my brother and brother-in-law arrived and there was another meeting of surprise and rejoicing. I had an uncle that I was named after living in Calloway, adjoining county to the one father lived in. He received the news that I had returned. I was always a great favorite of my uncle. He came immediately to see me. He arrived one morning and I was standing on the portico of the house as he rode up in front and I recognized him immediately. He came in and threw his arms around me and commenced hollering very loud, and mother saw him and asked him what in the world he was making such a noise for. He says, "My boy has got home from California safe, and I am going to holler and I don't care who hears me." I met numbers of my father's family friends and acquaintances. I visited the Talbots and Mures, found them hospitable and rich with everything around them that was necessary to make life happy.

I met their families and each had several sons and very lovely daughters. One of the Mure young ladies was a very pretty, interesting one, she, with others, one day were picking out the kernels from walnuts and hickory nuts. Father was there on a visit. These Talbots were great Methodists and so was my father, which helped to make them warm friends. Father being from Virginia, they from Kentucky, and each farmers and stock men. Father remarked to the girls, they had been speaking of me, and told them which-

ever one picked out the most kernels he would give his California boy for a sweetheart. Father told me of the circumstance, that the families were intimate before I visited, and told me of the circumstances that I have just mentioned.

It was natural of me to think of it when I first met them. The young lady that he had picked out for me was a very pretty, sweet, intelligent girl and I had learned was a fine housekeeper notwithstanding the family owned a great many slaves. These young ladies at that time had made no impression upon me relative to love or matrimony, as I felt that if I should visit my old sweetheart and first love, the widow, it would take but a very small spark to kindle a great flame of warm devoted love again for her.

I enjoyed myself in the neighborhood for two months. Said little about the young ladies in Missouri but told my family I was anxious to visit my old home in Virginia and Maryland.

After remaining at home and enjoying myself, I determined to visit in Virginia. A young man by the name of Draco Marlowe accompanied me back to Virginia, his old home, also where we were school mates in our youth. My oldest sister was visiting back at our old home at that time for the first time since leaving there in the fall of '49. We went to St. Louis, took the train there and went by the way of Wheeling, Virginia. We traveled over the Alleghenv Mountains where we had crossed in '49 in stage coaches. I had an opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery crossing the mountains. We passed over trestle work in places very high. The highest one, I was informed, was three hundred feet. The scenery was very beautiful, indeed, and the return trip across the mountains on the cars

was pleasant but not as exciting as it was in the stage coaches.

We reached Cumberland, Maryland, where we spent our first night in '49. I thought, with pleasant remembrances, of the time that I beat the gong to wake the boys up. We passed on then to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, then down the Potomac river and got off at Knoxville.

My father having lived in Maryland a few years previous to moving to Missouri, it was there that I spent many, many joyous days, and it was there that my first love affair started with a lady by the name of Ellen Frazier. She had a brother Clinton, only three days difference between his age and mine. We were school mates and intimate friends. We went to visit a family that we were both well acquainted with, where I had often spent as much as two weeks at a time, not far from my father's home. There were three daughters. The second daughter was then married and the other two single. There were three brothers in the family, the younger one at home, the other two I left in Marysville, California. They returned a year later. The family were delighted to see us both and made many inquiries about our families and also told me of the changes that had taken place since I had left for California. They were especially delighted to see me as they could hear from the two boys that I had left in California. Their place was a beautiful Southern mansion. The surroundings were those that go to make the Southern plantation attractive and beautiful.

After our greetings were over and we had dined, I walked out into the beautiful yard alone and took a seat under a large forest tree. I was in deep thought

after looking around at everything, and when I looked back at my youthful days and boyhood home, it seemed more like the recollections of a bright summer's dream than the hard, stern realities of life. At that moment they stared me in the face and brought to my mind the changes that had taken place.

While these thoughts were pleasant yet they were touched with sadness. Later I returned to the house. I learned that my sister was visiting in Washington City and that the widow, then Mrs. Marshall, was visiting in Prince George County, Maryland. The month among those hospitable Southern people was full of great pleasure to me. During my visit there Mrs. Marshall was then single, her brother was with us, and Judge Marshall had a very beautiful niece of the same name, Ellen Marshall.

Clint, as I always called him, said to me one day, "Ed I don't want you to fall in love with Ellen, my cousin. She is my sweetheart." I laughed and told him I had no idea of such a thing as that. This was about six months after I had addressed his sister that we were all visiting Judge Marshall. I remained a month and am sure that I never had a more pleasant visit. It was almost one continual visit of dining at different houses through the neighborhood and at times enjoying some interesting and enjoyable fox chases. On one occasion we were dining at the home of an old lady, a warm friend. She asked me to take the foot of the table and carve the turkey. My father was a good carver and had taught all of his boys. It was indeed fortunate. I could take every joint apart without leaving my seat and without moving my fork from the turkey until it was finished, ready to be helped.

I saw that I was watched very closely at my work and my friends were pleased at my complete success.

There was one lady present who came in a closed carriage which was driven by a servant.

During the conversation that day she told me that my mother had boarded and roomed with her in Alexandria during her school days. She seemed delighted to see me. When she started to leave in the evening I asked her to take my arm and I escorted her to her carriage, helped her in, and bid her goodbye. A lady, a cousin of the Marshalls, that had also come from my old home was also a member of our party. We were very intimate friends and she told me all the gossip. Mrs. Judge Marshall had no children. She was an elegant lady and as I walked to the carriage with her she remarked to those standing around, "If I had a son like Mr. McIlhany, how proud and happy I would be." This was told me by the young lady. Miss Ellen Marshall was a beautiful girl, one of the prettiest I had ever seen, and she asked me, just before I left for my picture, if I would have one taken she would get it. I told her I would and lost no time in doing it. I made up my mind to leave for home.

Judge Marshall had a buggy brought out with a nergo boy to drive me up to Alexandria. I was thinking of my last visit before I left for California, when my old sweetheart had remarked to me as I went out the door, "Wait a moment, I want to send a message to your sister Hannah," and then came out and said, "Ed I want you to write to me when you get home." I said, "I could not do that after what had passed between us, for I had been trying to forget you and that you ought not ask me to write you. She pressed me so earnestly that the thought flashed to my mind

that I had better do it and I said, "Yes, I will write to you." For an instant I slipped my arm around her waist and took a sweet kiss, a goodbye, and I left. I had hardly reached the buggy before I thought I had made a fool of myself. I soon reached home. This all happened when she was single and before I started to California. I wrote to her only a friendly letter without a particle of love in it. I remembered too, when I started to leave for Charleston to join the company for California, how, when I passed her house, I concluded that I would stop and tell her goodbye. Her husband was sitting in the parlor in a large arm chair and when he told me goodbye he spoke to me in a whisper and his voice was almost gone. She followed me out on the portico. With tears in her eyes, as I took her hand to tell her goodbye, she plead with me earnestly, saying, "Oh Ed, please do not go to California, as it is a long trip and dangerous journey in an unknown country and we may never see you again. You have a sweet home and among friends, please, please do not go." I told her that I wanted to get far, far away and see this new country as I had nothing now to keep me at home and that I must go. I bid her goodbye and I left her standing on the porch shedding tears. Her husband died six months later. All these incidents were whirling through my head as the carriage dashed away back to the city.

I found Clint Frazer who told me that my sister, Hannah, was in Washington visiting. He remarked that he would have to go too, as sister is visiting at Uncle Marshalls. I went with him to see my sister and she consented to go as she was anxious to see Mrs. Marshall as they had been school mates.

He hired a buggy to take her and I went with his

cousin Jim. It was a fine road and delightful evening, and we reached the Marshall home between sundown and dusk. Three ladies came to the front door to see who it was coming. We walked into the house and the surprise was so great to Mrs. Marshall, the widow, they were soon clasped in each others arms shedding tears of joy. That was the first meeting since '49. The other two ladies, the Judge's wife and young Mrs. Marshall, took me by the hand and were delighted to see me, and the widow took my hand almost immediately and remarked, "Oh Ed, is it possible that it is you?" Before that I did not know how she would look after these years of separation and I found her more beautiful than before.

I tried to control my emotions with but poor success. Immediately the ladies went to their rooms. I was invited into the old parlor where I had spent a month of pleasant days before, and soon the ladies came in. Mrs. Marshall was dressed very handsomely. All expressed such delight at seeing me home again and how well I looked, no change only that I looked like I had enjoyed my trip. I looked so entirely well.

The old Judge was delighted to see me and I entertained them quite a while partially relative to my trip to California to which they listened with great attention.

Soon after supper was announced I asked Mrs. Marshall if she had given up her music. She said no she had not given it up. I asked her if she would play some for me, that I was as fond of music as ever, and she invited me into another parlor where the piano was and closed the door. We remained there together until 11 o'clock.

"I cannot help noticing the change in you Ed,

from a youth you have grown into a man. Of course I was dressed handsomely and had a large moustache. I told her that night that I was so well pleased with California that I expected to return and make it my home. She looked at me and smiled and told me that I would not as my friends would never let me. I retired about 12 o'clock after conversing with the family quite a while not to sleep however, my first love had returned stronger, deeper than ever. During my stay in California I had sent her a valentine and a ring, a beautiful ring made out of California gold. I did not attach any name. The next morning I asked her if she received a valentine from California. She said she received one and it was beautiful, no name attached to it, but she, with others, believed I had sent it. "Your picture I got in Washington City and I have it put away in my trunk to keep it from being soiled and destroyed, and I take it out and look at it often. Not knowing for certain who sent the ring to me, I let Miss Jennie Marbury have it to wear until I could ascertain who sent it."

She wrote a note immediately to Miss Jennie that I had returned and for her to send the ring back immediately as I was the one who sent it, and she dispatched a negro servant with the note. She received the ring in a short time. In the presence of the family of her husband she said, "I will now wear this ring as long as I live as I know who sent it."

That evening I visited Miss Jennie and her married sister, took tea and returned to Judge Marshall's early. Spent the evening with the family and during the conversation remarked that I expected to make California my home.

I asked the next morning, for the second time.

that they send me to Alexandria. They all seemed surprised at my going so soon and I gave them my reasons for it, told them I hoped to see them again before I left. I had never said a word to the widow about renewing my love nor even intimated such a thing.

I expected, of course, to see her again and I thought that I would make a better impression upon her by not saying anything at that time about love.

I left for Alexandria, went to see a married cousin of mine. While there we were invited to a party. I was pleased to go, so we reached the house and I was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Waters, who gave the party. Mrs. Waters said that she had a school and roommate by the name of Mary Washington that had married Mortimer McIlhany. I told her that that was my mother. Mr. Waters, take Mr. McIlhany into the parlor and introduce him to the guests. Among the number was a young lady by the name of Howard. My eyes were almost dazzled at the sight of so many elegantly dressed and beautiful ladies. Alexandria was noted for its beautiful ladies, and next to Baltimore was considered ahead of any city in the East at that time. Miss Howard and I stood and conversed. We talked a great deal and she was more interested in hearing of California, then a new country, and the description of the trip than anything else. The piano was going in the parlor, the sliding doors were open, there was both instrumental music and songs, but there was so much talk and confusion that you could scarcely hear enough of the music to enjoy it.

Miss Howard was invited to go to the piano and play but she wanted to excuse herself. I insisted upon her going, as I was fond of music, and she went. She

took her seat at the piano and ran her fingers over the keys and asked me what she should play or sing. I told her that I had been so long away from music that I had forgotten a great many of the songs and asked her to play anything she pleased. She asked me if I had ever heard the song, "Home Again From a Foreign Shore." I told her that I had, but she said it would be appropriate as I had just returned.

The song had a very fine bass and I knew it well, having sung it so often on the steamer coming home. At that time I had a good bass voice and we commenced singing. The room became very quiet; she had a sweet voice and mine accorded with hers nicely. When through there was a great clapping of hands and as I had acquitted myself so nicely, being a stranger, we were encored. She sang some more but I did not join her; I knew that I had made a good impression and I thought best to stop right at that point.

Just then one of my cousins came to me, took me across the room and introduced me to two sisters by the name of Page. They were two elegant young ladies. I had quite a conversation with them. One of the sisters pinned a little buttonhole bouquet on my coat. I thanked her and told her I would press it and keep the bouquet as a remembrance of her. The party broke up and I walked home with my cousins. They remarked, "Cousin Ed, you created quite a sensation among the young ladies, and particularly the one who gave you the bouquet. I think you have made quite an impression upon her." I laughingly remarked that I did not think I had.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next morning I took the stage that ran from Alexandria to my old home in Virginia. I happened to meet a lady and her daughter in the coach; the mother was a relative of my mother. Our ride was very pleasant together and most of the conversation was for me to tell her of my California trip, which she seemed to enjoy very much. They complimented me upon my healthy looks. She remarked that she knew a good many young men whom a trip of that kind would do good.

I went to my old home the next day to visit a cousin of mine and remained only a few days. Told them that I was going to return to Washington City to see Buchanan inaugurated President and to take sister Hannah home. I took the B. & O. R. R. at the station where I had first gotten off when I came from Missouri. I met a very pretty cousin who was going to Baltimore to pay a visit. She went with me and we had to stop at the relay station to take the train from Baltimore to Washington City. I insisted upon her visiting my sister and then I would take her back to Baltimore. She consented to go. We walked into the sitting room and I got her a seat and I then came out and I saw Clint Frazier standing there and he asked who that pretty young lady was. I told him and asked what he was doing there. He said he was going with his sister to Ellicot Mills. I took him in and introduced him to my cousin. I looked around

and saw his sister and I went to her immediately and shook hands with her. She said she was going to visit a cousin of hers at the place just mentioned. I told her that I was going to attend he inauguration of Buchanan and take sister Hannah home, and she said, "Be sure to tell Hannah to stop and see me and Cousin Ann."

When the inauguration was over I took my cousin to Baltimore and returned for sister Hannah. There was a cousin of ours, Margaret Washington, who also returned with us to our home, and we stopped and spent the night with the widow and Mrs. Ann Foulk. She was delighted to see both of us and we spent a very pleasant evening. She knew of the love scrape between her cousin, Ellen, and myself and remarked to me that night that I would never go to California any more, that some one would keep me from it. I laughed it off. The widow told me she was going to visit there a while and then go home.

We started the next morning and my cousin remarked to me, "Ed you are kindling the old flame again with the widow." I told her she was very much mistaken. She said she did not believe she was, that it took me nearly an hour to primp before coming into the parlor. She said the widow sat that night under the shade of the lamp and never took her eyes off me, which she said was a pretty good sign.

In about a week I returned to Baltimore, stopped off and spent the night at Ellicot Mills, went to Baltimore and attended some business and returned the same evening, and stayed all night. After tea the widow and I went to an adjoining parlor alone. I did not converse with her long before I addressed her again on the subject of love. She looked at me and

said, "Ed, I never for a moment thought that you would renew that subject again." She said, "You are the most universal favorite with the girls that I ever knew, and I thought you would fall in love with one who is younger than I." I told her no. I said, "You know that you received my first love and I have never loved any one but you, and when I heard in California that you were a widow, I sympathized with you deeply in your loss and thought to myself that we would be happy yet in each other's love if I lived to see you again."

With that she reached over and took hold of my hand. I said, "Did you ever think of marrying again?" Brother told me that it was best for me to marry; that he might die and she would be left alone. And she remarked, "Ed, I have had many opportunities to marry but I would never allow any one to wait upon me seriously, since the death of my husband."

I said, "I have always loved you from a boy and it was my disappointment in love that was the cause of my starting on that perilous trip to California. You had no idea how it distressed me when I bid you good-bye, as I believed then that John would never live. Of course so many things happened, and being so far away, I had, to a certain extent, ceased to think of you, but there were times when I would get to meditating and thinking of home, that your image would come to me plainly. Now, Mrs. Marshall, you know me well and my love is stronger than ever. It is now a man's love, deepened in my heart to that degree that I feel as if death alone could ever destroy it. Will you be my wife? I can make you happy."

She pressed my hand quietly and shed tears. Her

answer was, "Oh Ed, I must think, I must think." It was then quite late and she bade me good night.

It was a pretty moonlight night and I walked on the bridge that crossed the river where the water was rushing over the rocks. I must confess that right there I was in doubt and in trouble, and I smoked thirteen cigars; I will never forget the experience. I retired but not to sleep. I met her the next morning; she seemed sad. I asked her when she was coming home. She said she thought in about two weeks. Mrs. Foulk again said to me that morning, "Ed, you will never go back to California because some one will keep you." That encouraged me as I believed that she knew something of her cousin's feelings.

I went back to Virginia visiting my friends and I returned from Harper's Ferry and I asked the conductor if he had seen such a lady get off at the station that I generally got off at. I described her to him. He said he had and he thought she reached there a day or two before that. This was on Saturday. I went to this family where I most always went to visit the two young ladies, and on the Sabbath morning they invited me to go to church with them in their carriage. The widow was there at church and her brother. She was in a handsome carriage driven by her servant who sat on the outside. It was drawn by a pair of fine horses.

I was invited to go home with them. I did so and rode in the carriage and Clint went horse back. We had a pleasant ride home. I was very careful in my conversation. Mrs. Marshall was dressed very handsomely but seemed as I thought, a little sad. I spent a very pleasant Sunday evening. She was then living with her uncle. She owned a beautiful farm close by

and one of her married cousins was living on it, a daughter of the uncle with whom she was living.

The next morning the wind was blowing and Clint remarked to me that he was going to Knoxville on horse back and asked me to ride with him. I declined, saying that I would spend the day with the family at home. He said he would be home that evening. After he left, sometime during the morning, Mrs. Marshall and I went into the parlor. We were there alone. She played several pieces and then remarked to me, "Ed, I don't feel much like playing this morning." I told her it was all right and to come and take a seat by the fire and we would talk. I remember that we took two rocking chairs in front of the fire, side by side. I gently took hold of her hand. I said, "Mrs. Marshall, when I left you at Ellicot Mills that night you said, "Oh Ed, I must think, I must think." Did your thinking end during the night, when you retired committing yourself into the hands of Providence, asking him to direct? It is a useless form to repeat all that has passed between us before I went to California and since my return." I said, "Will you be my wife, make me happy, yourself happy in each other's love through life? It is right and just that I should have a definite answer. Mrs. Marshall, your decision this morning probably will settle my future life. Shall I return to California or remain?"

She gently pressed my hand and remarked, "Ed, I will decide; stay at home with me and I will marry you."

I will not describe my feelings of joy and delight, for I really believe that I am not capable of describing those feelings intelligently, but I will say that my cup was full and overflowing with joy and happiness. I

said, "Will you live in Missouri, or will you live with me here at your old home?"

She remarked, "Ed, I have confidence in you and I will go anywhere you say to be with you. In all these years of separation there were times that the thought of you came to me with sweet delight of remembrance, although occasionally mixed with sadness."

That evening her brother returned. I told Mrs. Marshall that I would cross the river, get sister Hannah, bring her over there and tell her of my happiness. I asked her when she would marry me and she said: "I do not believe in long engagements. I have known you always. I think probably two months. We will decide when you return from Virginia with your sister."

I said, "I will return to Missouri with my sister and make preparations for our marriage. I will correspond with you and you can write to me when to come."

I asked Clint the next morning if he would let me have a saddle horse, which I could get most any time from any of my friends where I was visiting. He said I could. I bade them good-bye and went to Virginia after my sister and she said to me, "Ed, I want that picture of you that you gave your sister." I said, "Would you want me to have a different one taken?" She replied that she did not want a new one, as the old one was the best she ever saw of me. She said she would go to Frederick City and have her's taken by the time I returned.

I went over to Virginia and brought my sister over and we stopped at Mr. Hillary's, my headquarters for stopping in Maryland. I told my sister what had

happened and I would take here home to make preparations for my marriage. She, of course, was delighted.

We were invited in to supper and soon after left for home. The others walking in the lead and she and I in the rear. I remarked to her, "You seem to be a little sad; what is the matter?" She was quiet for a few minutes, and then said, "Ed, it is best for you to forget me."

If lightning had come from a clear sky, it would not have surprised me more than that remark.

I asked her to explain and all the answer was a flood of tears from her and holding my arm until we reached home, nothing said. The subject was not mentioned that night. I spent a very sad, miserable night, but kept it to myself.

The next morning one of the young ladies gave me a large beautiful bouquet and I took it with me to church. Mrs. Marshall was there with her cousin in their carriage. My sister and I returned with them and as we got out of the carriage I handed this beautiful bouquet to her cousin.

That night there was a gentleman there, an old friend of Mrs. Marshall's. The next morning we all concluded to walk over to my father's old home, Buena Vista. Sister Hannah was anxious to see the old home again. We started, she and I last in the party. I said, "Dear, I am so nearly crazed that I hardly know what to say to you."

"Did you ever doubt my love?"

She answered emphatically, "No, never; I know that you have loved me from a youth."

"Did you ever hear anything against my character in any way whatever?"

Her answer was, "No, indeed; everyone has spoken highly of you. I know not one thing in this world against you."

I said, "Why is it that you have changed your mind now?"

She burst into a flood of tears and said. "Oh, Ed, I am miserable; I am unhappy.

"Tell me the cause; maybe I can remove it."

Her answer was, "Nothing but death can ever remove the cause."

The night previous my sister roomed and slept with her and she gave her my picture and said, "Nellie, why won't you go to Missouri with Ed?" My sister said all the answer she got was a flood of tears, which she kept up nearly all night.

I walked with her silently to our old home. She said, "I must try and control myself or it will be noticed." She wiped the tears from her eyes. I never mentioned the subject to her any more that night or the next morning. I left in the morning. She went with me on the portico, bid me good-bye with tears in her eyes.

When I got about a mile from the house she was still standing on the porch. I returned to where my sister was at Mr. Hillary's to get ready and we would start for Missouri. My sister told me everything that passed between her and Mrs. Marshall the night that they were together and she accepted the picture. I concluded I would write her a farewell note that I was starting back to Missouri. I wrote her that my mind was made up to make my future home in California. "I will not attempt, dear Mrs. Marshall, to write all I feel," I began. "I trust you will not deem this note the withered offering of love, culled from my heart,

made waste and desolate. No, no, I have no such sickly bouquets to offer you what some would call ruin. I do not. What some would call death I would call winter, and still look with animating hope for the return of spring. I have felt already its genial powers, too pure to be thus early nipped, too bright to wither at the north wind's breath. You have known me from my youth, you may not know me now as a man. I can tell you, however, I would not receive your love or affection and at some future time throw it back as a worthless thing, thereby inflicting a wound upon your heart if not upon your pride. May your future path through life be that of peace and happiness and may that life be strewn with flowers that will always bloom with its fragrance. Farewell. Your lonely and disappointed Ed."

Later Draco Marlowe wrote me as follows: "After you left she dressed very handsomely and tried to be cheerful, but there was something on her mind that brought her for nearly two months into a decline of health. One day she remarked to me, 'I am going to Missouri.' She started, but not long after she returned. He was somewhat surprised and she told him that she had reached Kentucky and there her heart failed her and she returned. I then for the first time asked her what was the matter with her. She answered the question by handing me your farewll letter and the tears came to her eyes and remarked, 'Cousin Draco, how distressing it all is to me." That was the last she ever said to me about the matter."

There ended my love affair after all of these years.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was early spring when I reached home and I was getting ready to return to California when father asked me if I was compelled to go.

"If not, remain at home, take your money, buy some mules and farm. I have more land than I want and if you return to California I am afraid it will kill your mother."

A brother of mine had agreed to go with me, but finally backed out and I concluded to remain.

I raised a very large crop of corn, that year being a good season and new land and as a farmer was successful. During the summer the Pike's Peak gold excitement broke out. All summer the account of it stirred me up and I would occasionally speak of it. I finally made up my mind to go and remarked at the supper table that I was going to leave mother. She asked me where and I told her Pike's Peak, and she said she was afraid of that. I told her not to object, as it was only 600 or 700 miles.

She gave her consent. Father asked me what I was going to do with my corn. I told him that I had no use for it and if he would give me five or six yoke of work cattle I would let him have the corn. This he agreed to do.

In a week I had my company made up, consisting of eight men beside myself. I sent the oxen with the wagon and my mules to Kansas City and told the boys to remain there and I would go to St. Louis and buy

an outfit. I knew just what to buy and bought a very nice outfit of things that we would need, costing $850.00. I had it insured by the firm that I bought the goods from. I received my insurance papers and when I got aboard the boat, which was close to where I bought my goods, I was ready to start. One morning a little after sunrise, opposite the mouth of the Gasconade river just below Jefferson City, the boat sank. All the cargo was destroyed but none of the passengers was injured, as they were on the upper deck. I asked the captain to put me ashore with one of the boys that was with me. We took the Missouri train and returned to St. Louis, securing $700.00 damages. The other $150.00 I never did get. Went to Jefferson City on the cars, being as far as the trains ran in those days, and took a steamboat to Kansas City. There had been wonderful changes along the river since I went up it in '49. I found the boys waiting for me. Kansas City was then a small town. I wanted to spend the winter there. Our first intention was to spend the winter on the Arkansas river, hunt game, and go to Pike's Peak early in the spring. We camped in the bottom on the Neosho river where is now Council Grove, but which was then but a small trading point. We built a big fire and enjoyed ourselves that night singing old fashioned songs, as most of them were good singers.

Up early the next morning and there was a large government train passing. The mules were very poor and I asked one of the men why it was that the government had such poor mules. He said they were fat when they left the fort way out west, but that their feed had given out and the Indians had burned all the

grass off for 200 miles and there was nothing for the mules to eat.

I told the boys that that settled our trip out west for the winter. We learned from the store at Council Grove that there was a fine valley not far off on the Kaw river, near Fort Riley, that was settling up, and thought we could find good winter quarters there and good feed for the mules. I found a good cabin and plenty of corn there. I rented it for $5.00 for the winter. I told Nat Patten, the man that was with me, to go back and bring the boys and the wagons over and I would remain and look out for feed until they returned. They soon came in. I had found plenty of feed corn and had made a contract with the owner to do some fencing for him and take the pay in corn. Everything was unloaded from the wagons and I told the boys of my contract. We soon finished the fencing, gathered the corn and hauled it up to the cabin with teams. I was anxious to keep the oxen fat and if there were good mines out at the mountains they would need beef and it would bring a good price, as I had gone through with that experience in California. I told the boys to hitch a pair of mules to the lightest wagon and go up the Solomon river and kill a buffalo and take the meat home and let them see that they had been out among the buffalo. They did so and left for home. We soon became acquainted in the neighborhood. The county seat was named Akron, not far from Fort Riley, or Manhattan, on the south side of the Kaw river. It was settled up by Eastern people, poor but well educated. The houses were generally of one large room and sometimes two, with a partition made through with blankets and comforts. There were about fifteen or twenty very nice young ladies,

about grown, in the neighborhood. We got up a debating society every Saturday night at the county seat; Tuesday night spelling school, and Thursday night a little dance at different places in the neighborhood.

We boys would shoot wild turkeys and kill deer and send some of the venison and turkey at different times to the girls to cook and they would do so and invite us to come and eat dinner with them. These gatherings were very pleasant indeed to pass away time. We boys had money and good clothes and they always addressed me as "Captain."

The government at Fort Riley wanted some corn hauled. With our large wagon we hauled a number of loads and became acquainted with the officers and many of the soldiers. They gave a ball at the fort and we were invited to attend, and we did so, having a very pleasant time. One of our boys washed the dishes all the time and the other three cooked week about. We left one boy in camp and three of us went up the Solomon trading with the Indians. Traded for several nice ponies and also brought a hind quarter of a buffalo. One Indian we met talked good English. He gave us a description of his visit to Washington City and also of the great herds of buffalo and the number that had been killed at that time.

We had a very delightful time there among those people that winter and soon received a letter that the boys would be out a certain time. The time they got there it was my cook week and I concluded to have a fine dinner for them. We got another letter from them stating they would be there a certain day

I went out the evening before and shot a fine turkey hen and got some canned oysters from Manhattan.

The boys arrived. I dressed my turkey nicely, and my uncle, Edward Washington, had sent by the boys a nice cured ham. The next day I went to work cooking. I roasted the turkey in front of the fire by turning it around and basting it, hanging it to a rod stretched across the fireplace. I boiled the ham three hours and a half. I had a nice dish of buffalo steak, boiled potatoes, boiled beans, stewed apples, oyster soup and dried apple pies one which I made little "pretties" around the crust with a key. Everything was cooked nicely and well seasoned and all were good except the pastry of the pie was not first class. However, all enjoyed it and said they had never eaten wild turkey such as I had.

It was then getting time for us to start. We got everything ready and went over to Akron that evening, where the young girls had sent word to us that they wanted to give us a supper and dance, which we enjoyed until daylight.

We bid good-bye to all of our friends that we had made there that winter and started out on the trail to strike the Arkansas river. We traveled several days and one evening made camp at what was called Willow Springs. I had a saddle mule called "Punch" that I rode all the time. I was anxious to find grass for our cattle. I found quite a large company camped near the springs. We made our camp and I rode out some distance in a little valley to look for good grass. When I returned to camp the boys told me that there had been a man from this large camp who had come to them and asked them if they were going to Pike's Peak and said they had received reports that the Indians were bad on the Arkansas river. They thought that the larger the company was there would be less

danger of the Indians. Our boys told him that our captain was an old forty-niner, had had experience with the Indians, understood their movements very well and that they did not feel alarmed. This man said when I returned to camp for us to come up to their camp and have a talk. After supper we all walked up and entered into a council. They said that as I was an old forty-niner they would be glad if we could arrange to travel together. They said they had eighty men in their company, all well armed, but they were all green in regard to camp life and traveling on the plains. I said, "Gentlemen, for my part I am not alarmed about the Indians; however, reports may be true that they are bad. I have found in my long experience on the plains that we could not believe all reports, though some of them would be true." I made a little speech, in which I said: "Gentlemen, I intend to talk to you plainly but kindly. There are perhaps men in your company, as you have discovered by this time, that are very different from others. Some of them are lazy, some almost chronic kickers. When camp is reached they will sit down or lie down on the grass immediately and will not help stretch the tents or gather wood and bring water to help the cook." They said, "Captain, that is pretty plain talk." I said: "Gentlemen, I desire to talk plainly but truthfully. I am satisfied that ninety men well armed, with a competent leader or captain, could stand off or whip 1,000 Indians armed only with bows and arrows. I will make this proposition to you, gentlemen, that if I am to be your guide or captain every man must obey orders. When I say start, we must do so. When I say noon, or camp at night, both of these must be done without any comment. Our interest in these things

should be mutual and to have harmony in the camp and train all must yield and obey orders, as experience has taught me that it is the only right way. Of course if anything happens that I think is right for me to consult with you or you with me, I am perfectly willing to do so. With these conditions I am ready to travel with you and guide you through to the very best of my ability."

They took a vote on what they should do and the result was that every man voted that I should be their guide and captain.

I said: "Gentlemen, it is settled. To-morrow morning I will pull into the road with my two teams and your outfit following. I shall take the lead with my wagons all the time. I will travel in advance on my mule, keeping as far ahead as I think necessary to be careful, looking for a good camp for noon and the same thing for our night camp, and watching out all the time carefully for Indians."

We started the next morning and traveled nicely, without any trouble whatever. Finally we reached the Arkansas or what is now called Great Bend. We camped there a day, resting both man and beast.

There was a small Irishman came to camp and said the company he was with had left him and he was afraid to travel alone on account of the Indians. Said he had a wagon, a yoke of oxen, a wife and a daughter and wanted to travel with us. I was out up the river among the stock looking at the grass when they told me of the circumstance. They told the old gentleman he would have to see me, as they could not give consent. I talked with several of the company, our own and the others, and they told me to do as I pleased. I walked down to the old man's camp, had a

conversation and told him he could travel with us. He did so.

As we traveled up the Arkansas we commenced occasionally seeing a few Indians, who appeared to be friendly. One evening I was riding some two or three miles in advance of the train when I saw 150 Indians crossing the river. They were Comanches. I watched them until they all got across. They saw me. I turned and rode back and met the train and told them what I had seen. The train stopped and I rode along down the trail and said:

"All of you get out your arms and let each one see that his gun is loaded. Let one drive each team, walk along by the side of the train and when we meet the Indians if we find that they are hostile, I will give the signal for you to come to the front and if it is necessary for you to fire I will give the word, then fall immediately on the opposite side of your wagons for protection and be sure you hit an Indian and that will end it."

They said, "Captain, we will stand by you."

We rode on about a mile and the Indians came up to us, the chief and one or two others in advance, and motioned to me to stop the train. I motioned to them to get out of the way. I saw a Mexican right along close to the chief. These Indians were all on ponies. I spoke to the Mexican, as I could talk their language, and asked him what they wanted, and for him to tell them that this road and the country belonged to Uncle Sam, the "Great Father," and not to them, and we were going through the country peaceably.

The Mexican said they wanted something to eat; that was all; they did not want to fight. I told the Mexican to tell the chief to put all his men on one side

of the road (it was a level bottom there close to the bluffs on the side of the valley), and to stand there and not move and they should have something to eat. I told the men what they wanted and a man for each wagon to go in and get something they could spare and bring it up to me and for the others to stand with their arms ready for trouble.

Quite a lot of provisions were taken from each wagon and put in a pile on one side of the road. I told the Mexican to tell them that there was something for them to eat and that I was going to camp right there in that bottom and wanted the chief and the Mexican to come to my camp for the night, and for the chief to tell his men to leave, as I did not want them around. The bulk of them left. The chief, two of his brothers and the Mexican went with us to camp. I made a corral of the wagons and told the boys to let their oxen graze with the yokes on. The boys commenced getting supper.

I took the four Indians to my camp and put a man with a double-barreled shotgun to guard them. These Indians had no arms but bows and arrows. When supper was ready I gave these four all they could eat and when we were through I told the Indians to tell every one of their men that was around to leave and go clear away; that I was going to put out a guard and if any of them came around in the night they would be shot. He made them all leave. The cattle grazed until dark and were then corraled. The Indians laid down by the side of the tent and slept all night and I had a double guard out that night for safety.

We passed through the night quietly without seeing any Indians. The next morning the old chief invited me to his camp and said he would give me a fine

horse. Of course I declined and he then gave me a very fine buffalo robe.

After the train started I got into a wagon to sleep and told the boys to follow the road up the river and to wake me at 11 o'clock so that I could find camp for noon.

That day we found a small outfit consisting of two brothers by the name of Wheeler that the Indians had robbed of everything they had, and the company agreed to help them into Denver. We would frequently see a number of Indians, but never had any trouble with them.

We traveled up the river until we came to where the road cut the divide and went up on top of the mountain. We followed down that divide until we struck the headwaters of Cherry creek. We finally struck Platte river where Denver now is, which at that time was called the Big Cottonwood Corral, as there were few houses.

We rested a day and I asked the company what they wished to do and they said they would like to go to the mountains. The company asked me if I would go up and prospect, as I was a miner, and see what the show was and I agreed to go and they remained in camp. Five of us started and struck the foot of the mountains, went up a little valley and found several tremendous large sets of elk horns.

We crossed over the divide and struck what is now called Clear creek, pretty close to the headwaters. I discovered good indications of gold, but saw no one at work. In coming down the river there was a man overtook us on foot and camped with us. He said that he had struck a very rich quartz mine and there were some very rich placer diggings and he was on his way

back to the Missouri river to get machinery and come and crush the rock and work the mine. The next day we found two men on a little point some fifty yards above the river using a rocker. They had quite a quantity of gold and Gregory said he thought the mines were rich, but it would take money and work to get the gold. These two men had quite a lot of money. This point was called Gregory Point. Gregory said he was going to leave for the states the next day. There was a level place close by in the timber. I told three of the boys to go there, cut some logs and build a cabin and the other man and I would return and report to the company. That place where I built my cabin was called Central diggings and was quite a nice little town and my cabin stood there ten years as an old landmark. I returned, reported to the company and they all wanted to go to the mines and I took the whole outfit to the mountains where I had built my cabin. We had to cross Platte river in a boat, paying $2.50 for each wagon. We struck Clear creek where it came out of the mountains. We crossed that and camped on the opposite side for the night. A very rough road led from there up to my cabin in the mountains. It took ten yoke of oxen to pull each wagon through.

We finally reached the cabin and camped. The men said, "Now, Captain, what will we do with our stock?" They said they did not want the stock up there. I told them that I was going to take my stock to the bottoms and that if they would send all their stock down there that I would take charge of it, charging them $4.00 a head a month, with a guarantee of security to them. They agreed to do so and the whole outfit was taken down to the bottoms and I went down Clear creek to a pretty valley and made camp. I took

my own individual company with me except two who stayed in the mountains to prospect. There was plenty of timber at that time on Clear creek. I selected a place and built a large strong corral with my men or partners that I had with me. The other men returned to the mountains on foot. I had quite a herd of cattle and horses and a few mules. My income from taking care of the stock was about $500.00 a month. There were nine of my party and we went in a day or two and staked out or located nine ranches on Clear creek, taking the best we could find. I rode to Denver and had them recorded.

By that time there was a large immigration coming into the mountains. I was the only one that had a ranch to take care of stock and the number rapidly increased. I had some of our beeves butchered and sold the meat for a good price, as they were fat.

During the summer and up to fall others of this large party were not successful in finding mines to suit them and they returned home. Each one sold me their surplus stock. They returned only with enough to get them back. Late in the fall every member of my mess had left for the states but myself. Golden City was then started and quite a town built there on Clear creek where we had crossed it going to the mountains.

They had built a good many houses, stores and a postoffice, but there was no court house there at that time. There had been a good deal of stealing going on in the place and once a man was caught at it. He was followed to his camp, where a great quantity of stolen goods were found. I was there at the time. They arrested this man and quite a crowd gathered. They appointed me judge and selected a jury to try him. It was all done in a very short time and he was found

guilty. I sentenced him to have thirty-nine lashes given him upon his bare back. I appointed a little fellow who weighed about 125 pounds to do the whipping. The crowd took him down and tied him to a post where they had been butchering some cattle. They tied him up and stripped him to the waist and he was given the thirty-nine lashes in good shape and then told to leave the country and not return. That almost broke up the stealing entirely for years. It was a good lesson. There was a sheriff elected, served one year. He was a Republican and a good man. The next year they wanted me to run, believing I was the only Democrat in the county that could be elected. I refused but they finally nominated me and I was elected.

CHAPTER XX.

The civil war broke out and there was a company formed, mostly of Southern Democrats, of 100 to join General Price in Missouri, and they insisted upon my joining. I refused, telling them that the South would fight for what they believed to be their rights, but they had not the money nor the men and they would lose and I would never fire a bullet into the old flag.

I said, "You boys will all be arrested.

One hundred and twenty miles from there they camped near Pueblo on the river and the night they camped there the Federal soldiers took them all in and brought them back to Denver, where they all took the oath and were discharged. That was the end of their experience in the war. I had some very thrilling and dangerous work to do as sheriff in that new country. Denver had grown into quite a town by that time.

Finally I returned to the states. In the meantime father had died and mother was anxious for me to return home. I went to live with my mother. All my brothers had joined the army save one and he was with mother.

Soon after I returned to Missouri I met my first wife, as lovely a character as was ever planted in the breast of woman. We were married and lived happily together for eighteen years. In the fall of '69 I sold out where I was living and moved to Sedalia, Missouri. Locating there I soon got into the business of buying and shipping cattle. Sedalia was then quite a small

town, but it grew rapidly. I was successful in handling stock and went with one large train of stock to Chicago. In those days we had quite a roundabout way to get there. Soon though the Burlington system was connected with the M., K. & T. at Hannibal, Missouri. Mr. Robertson, the General Freight Agent of the "Katy," told me I had better apply in Chicago to the Burlington system for the position of live stock agent. I applied for the position to Mr. Wadsworth, who was then General Freight Agent of the Burlington system, and obtained the position. I was with the Burlington some fifteen years.

Mr. E. T. Ripley, who is now president of the Santa Fe, and Mr. Paul Morton, who is president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, was with the Burlington system in different departments up to the time that I left the road. I went with the Missouri Pacific for several years, making my time of live stock agency nearly twenty years. I was successful in my business, as I was a good judge of stock and industrious. In the meantime I bought a great deal of stock myself and shipped it. In eleven months from the first day of November, 1880, to the first of October, 1881, I bought, contracted and shipped to St. Louis 5,200 corn fed cattle, including a number of hogs. Mr. Seely, Swift & Co.'s old cattle buyer, said he never saw so many good cattle shipped in by one country buyer. I made money enough to buy 640 acres of raw land in Vernon county, Missouri. In December, 1881, I lost my wife, leaving me an infant boy baby and three daughters, the oldest one 14 years of age. That was really the first deep sorrow in my life.

In 1883 I went to see Col. John Chisem's ranch, as I had heard that he had 800 beeves for sale. I

reached Las Vegas, New Mexico, bought a pair of horses and a light rig and followed down the Pecos river to Rozelle, 200 miles to the Colonel's ranch. We reached Fort Sumner one very windy evening after a long day's travel, mostly through sand.

We were asked if we ever heard of Billy The Kid. We told him we had heard of him a good deal coming down from Las Vegas. He says, "Gentlemen, step with me to the door and I will show you where he was killed. He pointed to a long adobe house with a porch in front. That first room you see from here where that door is, there he was shot dead by Pat Garret, the sheriff. Maxwell, a Mexican, was with him in the house, I believe the son or the original owner of the great Maxwell grant. Billy The Kid was sleeping just inside the door. He had a sweetheart there and he came occasionally to see her and Garret heard of it in Fort Sumner and came that night to look for him and knew that he went to Maxwell's house.

He had to go through a room to reach Maxwell's room. His foot touched some one, who said in Spanish "Look out!" He tiptoed into Maxwell's room with his revolver in his hand. Maxwell was awake and said to Garrett, "That is Billy The Kid, look out or he will get you." Garret stepped back immediately and shot him dead. That was the story told me by Wilcox. Garret lived in Roswell. I knew Pat Garret well, had seen him often, heard him speak of his dangerous experiences with outlaws, but he never gave me a description of his killing of the Kid.

Roswell had a blacksmith shop, a store and a little eating house. That was all there was as near as I can remember, except a few little dwellings. It was Sunday noon when we reached the Colonel's ranch, the

finest one there was in New Mexico. He was a bachelor, having two younger brothers living with him, one a widower and the younger one single. I went to the door and introduced myself and we were all invited in to dinner, which was a very nice one. I told the old Colonel the next morning of my business; that I had heard of his cattle for sale and came to look at them and buy them if I could. He laughed and remarked that I had come a long ways.

We stayed there several weeks, enjoying ourselves fishing and looking at the cattle.

I bought twenty cars of very fine cattle of the old man and seven hundred sheep from a Captain Lee. All were delivered at Las Vegas and shipped from there. Afterwards I bought twelve hundred beeves from the old man and sold them in Dodge City. The first time that I went out on the Santa Fe it only went a short distance beyond Dodge City, to a little town called Cimmaron. Those were the days when cattle would trail by the thousand from Texas, first going to Abilene on the Union Pacific, headquarters at Abilene where the yards were started by Joe McCoy.

As the Santa Fe was built out they commenced trailing some cattle to Newton, Kansas, but they made the big point at Dodge City. The gambling, shooting and killing at that time was occuring almost every day and night. I have heard men say they would stir their sugar with a gun instead of a spoon in their coffee. The buffalo were so thick that the trains would have to stop to let them pass. I remember one night of seeing a cattle man with only one arm by the name of Jim Reed. He was a noted character. He was gambling that night and broke the bank.

As time went on I handled a great many cattle out of New Mexico and Colorado.

I knew Senator Dorsey well and have been to his ranch many times. Once I bought between 3,000 and 4,000 head of cattle of him to be shipped to Kansas City to Erwin, Allen & Co., a firm I was representing at that time. The Senator was a very genial companion, fine talker and very hospitable at his home. He told me many interesting things of the early settlement of that country.

CHAPTER XXI.

The stock exchange was then down in the extreme north of the present yards. Out of the number of firms that were doing business there then, I believe there are only six of that number living—L. A. Allen, J. A. Gillespie, Billy Rogers, Gill Ree, Uncle Bobby White and George I. Barse.

I moved with my family to Kansas City some time after that, but made many trips to New Mexico and Colorado, making my headquarters at Springer and Clayton, New Mexico, and Trinidad, Colorado, representing Erwin, Allen & Co. and George R. Barse & Co. I finally went into the live stock commission business, doing business with George R. Barse & Co. and Mason, Peters & Co., selling stock for them in connection with my own.

I then opened a house which was called McIlhany, Baker & Co. This was after the new exchange had been built where it now stands, but before the new addition was put on the front.

I lived in Westport at that time and after dissolving with Baker, I returned to Sedalia, my old home, in the meantime taking a position as live stock agent for the Missouri Pacific railroad. I traveled west for them a great deal, through Colorado, Kansas and the Indian Territory.

While in Sedalia I married again. My wife was a daughter of Edward Woolridge, a distinguished lawyer of Versailles, Kentucky. She was an only child.

was raised in affluence, every wish of her young heart being gratified. After the death of her first husband she moved with her family to Missouri, and, having relatives in Sedalia, settled there. She and I have one child, Charley, a boy 15 years old. She is the most devoted mother that I have ever known. Her devotion amounts sometimes almost to an over indulgence. As a true and devoted wife she has nursed me and watched over me through all the days of affliction up to this time. We bought two farms near Sedalia and farmed there for several years.

My wife sold her residence at that time and moved to Kansas City during the time I was on the ranch and Kansas City has been our home ever since. . .

There has been many changes in the firms at the stock yards, but some of the members who first opened the new exchange are still there. The business at the stock yards is increasing every year.

I became afflicted and with my little son, wife and daughter spent two years in California lately or some four or five years ago. Since my affliction with a paralytic stroke I have done but little, spending what time I could selling an old paper, "Ulster County Gazette," which was published 108 years ago.

As I write now I am 80 years old.

THE END.